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SIXPENCE.

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OUR LATEST FIELD-MARSHAL AND THE KING'S RECENT HOST: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOERKOEK.

His Majesty has just returned from Budapesth, where his troubles with the Hungarian Parliament have become acute. For four months there has been no Cabinet.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is a sardonic humour in Sir Norman Lockyer's address to the British Association. He calls his theme "The Influence of Brain-Power on History," just when the country is reading with disgust and amazement the evidence given before the War Commission. As a rule, the proceedings of the British Association do not exhibit this startling coincidence with the thoughts which happen to be occupying the national mind. People are asking themselves why brain-power is so conspicuously absent from the recent history of the War Office; and Sir Norman Lockyer, instead of talking about the stars, answers the dominant conundrum with brutal terseness, "Because you have no organised scientific training." I hear a plaintive voice from Pall Mall crying, "Why does this astronomer come chipping in?" A comet, whisking its tail across the Horse Guards' Parade, could scarcely be more surprising to the official mind than Sir Norman Lockyer's proposal to create a Scientific National Council for the diffusion of ideas through the public offices. Why, the first discovery by such a Council would be that you cannot circulate ideas in a Department where there is no natural provision for taking them in. The scientific advisers of the Government would recommend some new system for producing brains; and this would make dreadful havoc of the old headpieces.

Our sardonic astronomer fortified himself at Southport with the opinions of the two ablest men in the Cabinet. He quoted their sorrowful reflections upon the lack of science in the national education, and the painful backwardness of the people in realising that in the application of science to industry consists the formidable character of international competition. These high authorities are quite alive to the necessity of multiplying Universities. But did they anticipate that the President of the British Association would offer them the services of that body for the improvement of statesmanship? He suggests that a Sub-Committee of the Privy Council, composed of scientific heads, might be helpful in the administration of "everything relating to the use of brain-power in peace." Another blow to the Constitution! "Just as I am trying to get the Committee of National Defence to fix its collective brain on the problems of the War Office," you can hear a distracted statesman exclaim, "just as we are in the middle of a fiscal inquiry, too, comes this astronomer with another unconstitutional expedient for making our brains act! Why can't he stick to his sun-spots?" Sir Norman Lockyer has traced drought and famine to spots on the sun, and I should not be surprised to hear that the vagaries of the War Office had a similar origin. There is more in this than you might suspect, if astronomy can only find it out. Years hence a picture, obscured by age, hanging in the War Secretary's room, may be restored, and found to be entitled "Ajax Defying the Sun-Spots," Ajax bearing a close resemblance to portraits of Lord Kitchener. From this our posterity may guess that there was somebody with a turn for allegory on the reforming Sub-Committee of the Privy Council.

Brain-power is about to "stump the country" on behalf of Bacon. The Bacon Society has turned itself into a joint-stock company, "with five hundred members, each liable for one pound in the event of winding up." Lecturers, armed with magic lanterns, are to carry on "an active propaganda that ought to sweep the Shaksperians off the face of the earth." Old libraries will be ransacked for evidence, and "pamphlets distributed gratis to all public libraries." Talk not of our dwindling exports. Cargoes of pamphlets will be "dumped" upon Germany and America until international jealousy forces the Governments of those countries to levy a prohibitive tariff for the protection of native Baconians. Think of the magic-lanterns flashing Bacon through this island, and of the orators whose expenses will be paid out of the capital of the company before it is wound up. Think of the astute agents who will knock at your door, and beg permission to search your old library for evidence in favour of Bacon. Let me tell you this is going to be a tremendous affair. Bacon will rival the popularity of the Tichborne Claimant. "We wish to convert the man in the street," says Mr. Harold Bayley. Yes, you will hear the voice of the street affirming that Bacon is kept out of his rights. Sidney Lee's windows will be broken by a mob of enthusiasts, and the evening papers will have exciting accounts of the attack on Shakspeare's statue in Leicester Square.

I daresay the Government will try to pacify public opinion by appointing a Royal Commission to read the works of Bacon aloud every day for a year or two. But that hypocritical shift will be scouted by the Incorporated Baconians, who will demand a Referendum, offer themselves as candidates at bye-elections, start a morning paper, and pour their superfluous funds through all the channels of popular agitation. When they have won seats in the House of Commons, and

formed a compact Baconian party below the gangway, pledged to obstruct all commonplace legislation until it be solemnly enacted that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, a time-serving statesman may take up their cause. I read in a novel last week of a Home Secretary whose "decided" brain-power convinced him that Bacon was the rightful heir. When this question is brought into party politics, do you suppose that some Secretary of State, or some opponent of his who "suspects" his office, as Dogberry would say, will not come out as a champion of Bacon? The hoardings at election time will proclaim "Bacon for Ever!" Just before they are swept off the face of the earth the Shaksperian candidates will issue rival placards: "Down with Bacon!" And then the other side will finish us off by telling the working-classes that we are in favour of a tax on food!

Macaulay was an eminent man of letters who wrote about Bacon without perceiving that he was Shakspeare. This surely is not the reason why a critic has recently denounced Macaulay as a "Clapham Protestant" who, although a "well-informed" writer, was "hardly a gentleman"! There you see "the influence of brain-power on history"! Two correspondents, by the way, one a Baconian and the other a Shaksperian, write to me about a passage in one of Hamlet's speeches in the graveyard: "Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?" The Shaksperian invites my attention to this, especially the "tricks." Could Bacon have written that on a lawyer's skull? But the Baconian makes a point out of the sentence that follows: "Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?" Who but Bacon could have written thus, lamenting that a lawyer might suffer this hard fate, and clearly prefiguring the Gravedigger as a blind Shaksperian enthusiast battering the sconce of the real poet? I commend this excellent point to the joint-stock company. It is worth a lecture and a magic-lantern all to itself.

A statesman who was recently at Homburg was button-holed by a supporter the evening of his arrival. The supporter unfolded his views of the fiscal problem, much gratified to get so distinguished a listener. At the end of the discourse the statesman remarked, "Yes, I believe we shall win; but I have only one thing to say. There will be a twenty-mark fine for any man who mentions the subject to me again while I am taking my cure." The supporter, I am told, relates this anecdote to everybody with the greatest satisfaction. He takes it as a tribute to the convincing quality of his eloquence. Having heard him, the statesman felt that anybody else would be superfluous.

From Wellington, New Zealand, comes to me a letter signed "A Seventy-three Year Old Cockney," who takes me very gently to task for some remarks on Cockney rhymes. It seems I said that "quarterly" did not rhyme with "slaughterly," except for "a Cockney ear," which I repudiated with scorn and odium. My correspondent, in stirring prose and verse, bids me remember what Cockneys have done for their country. I also remember that Lamb was a Cockney, likewise Keats, and that the Cockney School of Poets was derided by Christopher North, on the general principle that it was impossible to dwell in London, and write decent literature. To do that, you had to be born north of the Tweed, and cultivate the Muses on a little oatmeal. With the epithet "Cockney," crusty Christopher banned the music of Keats, which is good enough for the finest ear that ever was made. But when we talk of Cockneys now, surely we distinguish between Keats and the rhymers who think that the sound of "r" is identical with the sound of "ah." Max Adeler long ago told us the diverting tale of the bard who wrote obituary verses in the local papers to soothe the feelings of bereaved advertisers. One poem began—

We've lost our little Hannah
In a very painful manner.

I am sure my correspondent at Wellington will forgive me the ear which is offended by that.

A well-known English traveller, who makes his home in North Africa, was lately in London for a few days, but suffered such oppression that he had to flee. It was no Cockney intonation that distressed him; it was not the endless streets of sombre brick; it was not the jarring extremes of poverty and riches. Strange to say, it was the trees! I heard an indignant member of Parliament inveighing against the destruction of trees in the Mall by the workmen engaged on the Victoria Memorial. "Eight of the finest trees!" he said, as if they were his private and particular joys. I believe that when the Memorial is made, there will be more trees than ever flourished before in the Mall. But it was the sight of any trees that drove the Englishman back to Morocco. The desert claims its kindred spirits. We smile at the French explorer who calls himself Emperor of the Sahara; but for him the desert blooms like a garden, and London would be a dreary waste.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR," AT THE CRITERION.

Says the perverse young heroine of "Billy's Little Love Affair" to her chivalrous lover, "What queer company you must have kept!" Both he and she keep very queer company in Mr. Esmond's new Criterion play; indeed, they are surrounded by odious and vulgar people—"country-house" guests who gloat over a scandal which connects the past of their henpecked host with that of an adventuress, and chuckle when the latter diverts their suspicions to an innocent and just-engaged girl, dainty "Billy" herself. Strange material this for a "light comedy"! Light, Mr. Esmond's story certainly is, for it depends wholly on the artificial postponement of an inevitable explanation. But the cardinal fault of this jumble of farce and melodrama is not so much thinness or even conventionality of plot as a glaring defect in the matter of taste. It is a pity to find a playwright who has so often shown graceful fancy and refreshing naturalness condescending to what is tawdry and meretricious. Not that there are not pretty love-passages and sparkling lines in Mr. Esmond's comedy. Not that—briskly acted as it is by Mr. Aynsworth, Mr. Groves, Mr. Sam Sothorn, Miss St. John, Miss Granville, and that sincere artist, Miss Eva Moore—it does not make from a popular standpoint a very lively entertainment. But the author of "Grierson's Way" had once an ambition beyond that of tickling the groundlings.

"THE CLIMBERS," AT THE COMEDY.

About some playwrights, as about many novelists of contemporary America, there is a youthful ardour which compels attention. Their work usually lacks form, but is assuredly not void of matter, and it tingles with vitality. In this school may be classed that prolific inventor of "prodigies" and "dandies," Mr. Clyde Fitch, on the strength of "The Climbers," the quaint medley with which Messrs. Reeves Smith and Sydney Valentine have started their Comedy management—a drama which exasperates by banal buffoonery and persistent over-emphasis, but is redeemed by a certain full-blooded vigour. Mr. Fitch would outvie Lytton in exposing the hypocrisy of society funeral-mourners; but his satire misses aim by exaggeration. He would be original and have a confession scene heard in the dark, and thereby his misdirected ingenuity defeats its own purpose. He conceives an interesting theme, the study of the degeneration of a weak man who climbs after wealth, yet the action is constantly interrupted by tedious farcical interludes. Mr. Fitch would be poignant, and his every situation is overpointed by a cleverness which cannot restrain itself. But there is a rough force in his story, as that fine rhetorician, Mr. Valentine, proves in the rôle of the swindling suicide, as Miss Lily Hanbury and Mr. Reeves Smith show in the characters of the man's faithful wife and friend; and this and some handsome spectacular effects may partly excuse the play's many shortcomings.

"TOM PINCH," AT ST. JAMES'S MATINÉES.

Would Dickens recognise the Tom Pinch presented by Mr. Willard—a Tom Pinch who for long seems almost an imbecile, then suddenly develops wonderful declamatory power? Anyhow, the representation is well worth seeing and hearing, since it brings out a few tones of Mr. Willard's grand voice and affords glimpses of a charming humour. But so passive a character as Pinch simply declines to be the hero of a play. Pecksniff is the man for the footlights, and, as admirably portrayed by Mr. Volpé, stands out in all his noble proportions. Other familiar figures flit across the St. James's stage and speak dialogue assigned them in the "Chuzzlewit" novel. But there is scarcely a semblance of drama in Messrs. Clifton and Dilley's twenty-year-old "dramatisation," which is merely an amiable piece of patchwork, unintelligible save to those who have read their Dickens beforehand.

THE PROGRAMMES OF THE KENNINGTON
AND SURREY THEATRES.

That popular musical comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," is making fresh conquests in the suburbs, and the clever rendering of it given by Mr. Dance's company has drawn crowds this week to the Kennington Theatre. Miss Simeta Marsden, Mr. H. C. Barry, and Miss Lydia Flopp are the chief members of a capital cast; and chorus, scenery, and costumes, all of a first-rate kind, appear to advantage on the big Kennington stage. A little nearer the river, the old Surrey house has a new melodrama to offer just now—"A Traitor Prince," written by Mr. George de Gray, concerned with the crimes and loves of a villainous Eastern potentate, and full, in the right fashion, of exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

MUSIC.

The Moody-Manners Company gave their first representation this season of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" on Wednesday, Sept. 2. Both operas were given with perfection of chorus and orchestra, and were excellent performances, so far as the principal singers were concerned. Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who had for the first time on the preceding Monday sung most charmingly Lohengrin, scored an instant success as Canio in "Pagliacci." He sang admirably, and acted with an emotional force that was finely restrained. In short, he showed himself to be an artist of power and refinement. Miss Ada Davies took the place of Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, who was unable to appear, and played the part gracefully and intelligently. Mr. William Dever was painstaking as the Clown, and sang well, but his acting lacked somewhat of spontaneity. The chorus was very admirable in the realism with which it acted the rôle of the mimic audience. The succeeding opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was noteworthy for the fine performances of Santuzza, played by Madame Fanny Moody, and Turiddu, by Mr. Francis MacLennan. Each acted with dramatic feeling and intensity of emotion, and Mr. MacLennan, who appeared during the previous week as Don José in "Carmen," proved it to

have been no mere *tour de force*. He is an artist of great promise, with an excellently trained, sympathetic voice and a clear articulation. Madame Fanny Moody showed herself at her very best as Santuzza, and delighted her audience with a greater warmth and variety of tone in her impersonation.

On Thursday evening Madame Blanche Marchesi and the new Russian tenor sang in "Tannhäuser." Madame Marchesi's voice is at its very best this season, and she gave a most interesting reading of Elisabeth. M. Arens won as much applause as in his rendering of Lohengrin, and though he somewhat strained his voice at first, his dramatic perception of the part and his emotional force carried him successfully through.

The Promenade Concerts are maintaining their high musical standard, and are drawing large audiences. Mr. Henry Wood again, during the past week, has shown his sympathy with modern English composers and performers, and his really wonderful conducting has brought his orchestra to its customary perfection. On Tuesday, Sept. 1, the first performance was given of a symphonic poem by Mr. York Bowen, entitled "The Lament of Tasso." Mr. York Bowen is only nineteen, and won, as a student of the Royal Academy of Music, with this composition the Charles Lucas Prize. The tone-poem is based on Byron's famous poem, and illustrates more subtly and with greater vividness than words can ever do the hopeless agony and torture of imprisonment, Tasso's impotent consciousness of his genius, and his love for Leonora. The composition shows great artistic perception, a sense of form and colour, and a good idea of orchestration.

On Friday evening, Sept. 4, a chamber symphony was given, scored for eleven instruments: pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn. Signor Wolf-Ferrari, the composer, is the director of the Bologna Conservatoire, and wrote this work in 1901. The two most pleasing movements of the symphony are the second and third. Miss Adela Verne played the pianoforte part, and she and the remainder of the instrumentalists received prolonged applause.

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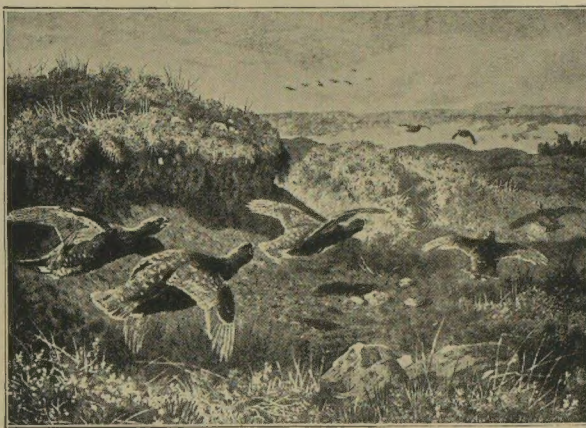
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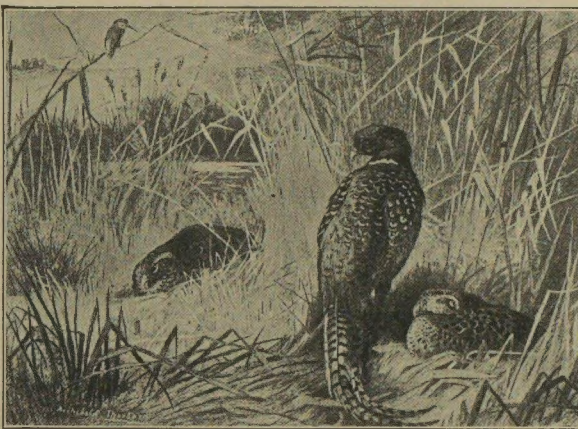
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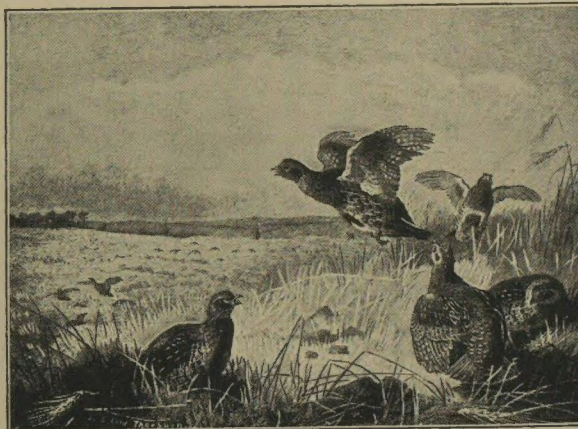
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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

KING EDWARD
IN VIENNA.

King Edward, as usual when he is on a visit, fulfilled a surprising number of engagements at Vienna. On the second day of his stay he visited the tombs of the late Empress Elizabeth and of the Crown Prince Rudolph, and deposited wreaths. A little later he and the Emperor Francis Joseph lunched at the Embassy, where sentiments of international friendliness were again exchanged, both monarchs delivering cordial impromptu speeches. The British residents presented the King with an address in a beautiful casket of Viennese workmanship; and in the evening, at the Augarten Palace, the Archduchess Marie Josepha gave a family dinner at which King Edward was present. In the evening King Edward went to the Opera. At the conclusion of the performance his Majesty called at the Vienna Jockey Club, where he played a game of bridge and stayed till nearly midnight. The next

specimen of humanity. He plays no games, but is content to watch professional football. The rural districts do not seem to be breeding the old hardy race that tilled the soil. Reports upon the physical condition of children all over the country are discouraging. As we cannot have conscription, which makes for vigour, in Germany at all events, there seems to be urgent need for some form of compulsory training of muscles for the whole people. This might be enforced in all elementary schools without hurting the susceptibilities of parents who think that drill must always lead to soldiering.

DICKENS'
BIRTHPLACE.

Some confusion seems to exist with regard to the precise house in Portsmouth in which Charles Dickens was born. The photograph which was supplied to us last week as that of the authentic building unfortunately turns out to have been incorrect. Captain the Chevalier Dalton and other correspondents have written to point out the mistake. It appears that the house-numbers were changed some

years ago, and the right house now bears the number 393 instead of 387, which is so often mistaken for the historical edifice. No. 393 has, however, a commemorative brass plate in the foot-path in front. The photograph which we reproduce is by the Chevalier Dalton.



THE AUTHENTIC BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES DICKENS:
393, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

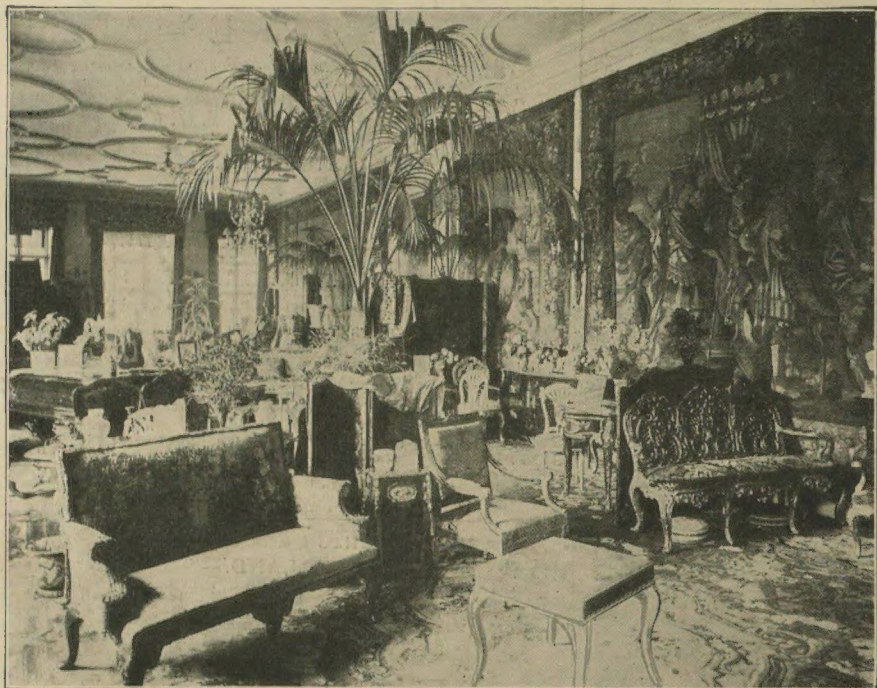


Photo. Kyle.

THE KING'S VISIT TO LORD SAVILE: THE LONG GALLERY AT RUFFORD ABBEY.

morning, by eight o'clock, both monarchs were astir and went stag-hunting on the Lobau, a beautiful island on the Danube, a few miles distant from Vienna. In Napoleon's time Lobau formed a strategic position in the Battle of Aspern. Their Majesties had excellent sport, and King Edward, posted on one of the Napoleonic entrenchments near the bridge-head of Aspern, brought down a fine stag of ten points, the second that had fallen to his gun during the day's sport. In the evening their Majesties visited the Hofburg Theatre. On the morning of Sept. 3 his Majesty was accompanied to the Western Railway Station by the Emperor. The two monarchs bade each other an affectionate farewell, and it seems not improbable that London will ere long have the pleasure of welcoming the venerable Sovereign of Austria-Hungary, for as the train started King Edward cried from the window, "Auf baldigst wiedersehen." On the evening of Sept. 4 his Majesty arrived in London, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace.

THE KING AT
RUFFORD.

On Sept. 7 King Edward went to Rufford Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, to pay a visit to Lord Savile. During his stay his Majesty went every day to Doncaster races. The house is particularly interesting. In the Long Gallery are some fine tapestries; there is also a remarkable stone-vaulted crypt. The present Abbey stands on the site of the Cistercian monastery founded in 1148 by Gilbert de Ghent, and given to the Talbots. Lord Savile entertained a large house-party to meet his Majesty. The party included the Earl and Countess of Cadogan and the Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

THE ARBITRATION
CONFERENCE.

The Inter-Parliamentary Conference on Arbitration met in Vienna on Sept. 7. Twenty-six English members of Parliament took part in the deliberations, which lasted over three days. From Italy there were 127 members, from France sixty-nine, from Germany forty-seven, from Austria forty-five, and from Hungary forty. Dr. von Pleyner, the President, in his opening address touched on the growing necessity for arbitration in international affairs; and Dr. von Körber, the Austrian Prime Minister, made an enthusiastic speech in favour of a peaceful settlement of international differences. A sympathetic telegram was received from the Emperor Francis Joseph.

A Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the alleged deterioration of the national physique. There is little dispute as to the poor quality of too many recruits in the Army, and it is certain that a military life does not attract the flower of the population. But traces of physical degeneracy are visible in a large class of urban dwellers, and not only in the class which is on the border-line of poverty. The tolerably prosperous working-man is rarely a vigorous

Lord Roberts,
OFFICERS' EXPENSES.

in a special Army Order issued Sept. 7, deals with the question of officers' expenses. He notes that extravagance has long been forbidden by the regulations, and he points out that it is the duty of a commanding officer to discourage and prevent it. He enjoins general officers to ensure by careful periodical inspection that officers' messes are so conducted that it is possible for those of moderate means to live in the Service. Any failure to carry out the true spirit and intention of these regulations would lead the Commander-in-Chief seriously to consider the propriety of retaining the delinquent in his

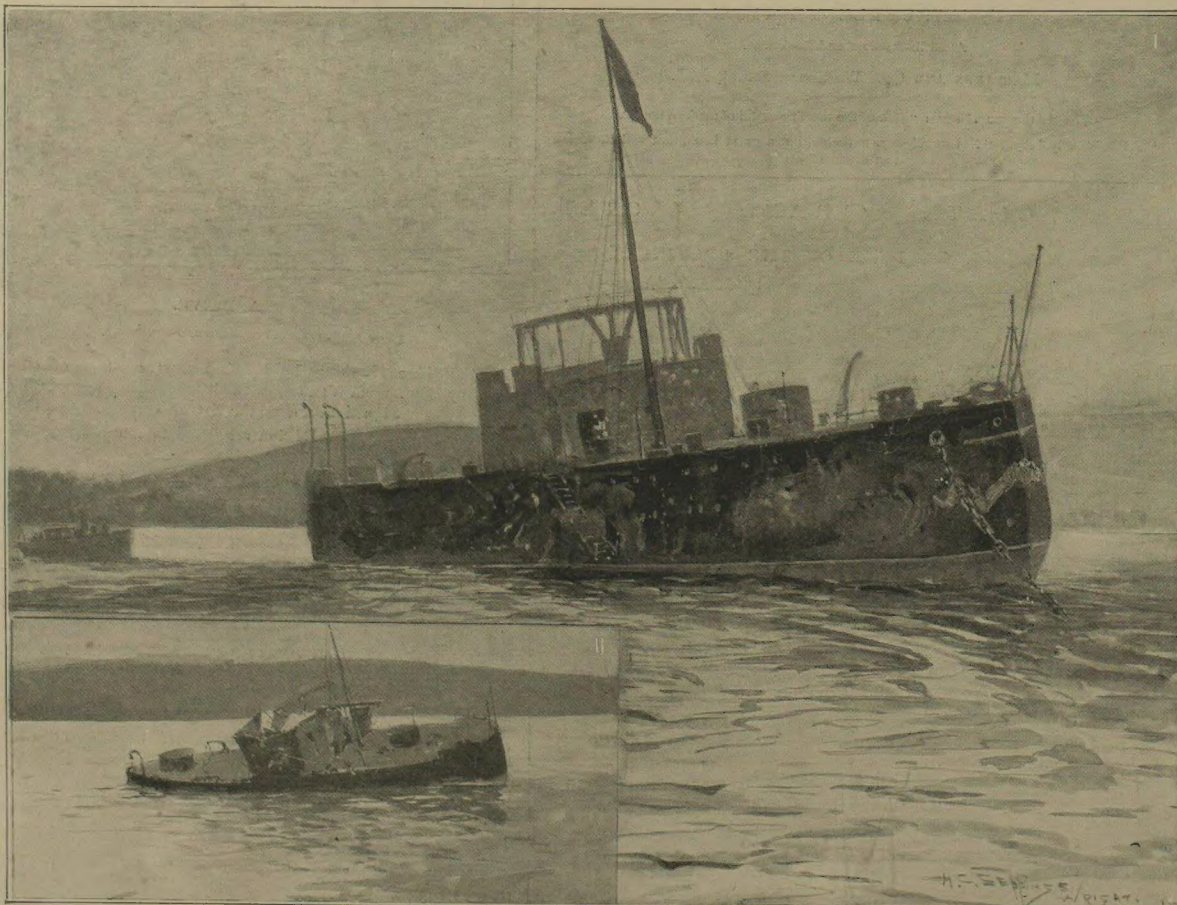
command. The contribution to the mess levied on an officer on promotion, transfer, or exchange will cease to be payable in units having publicly furnished messes. The question of extravagance rests, of course, in the hands of the officers themselves, and official charges have nothing to do with it, so there is much sound sense in the Commander-in-Chief's endeavour to bring the officers to set the tone towards more economy.

THE "BELLEISLE"
TORPEDO
EXPERIMENTS.

That useful old hulk the *Belleisle*, which has already done such good service as a target in gunnery experiments, has once more been under fire, this time from torpedoes. The main object of the experiments, which were carried out on Sept. 4 opposite the

MACEDONIA.

It is stated that, by weight of numbers, the Turks are stamping out the insurrection; but an insurgent leader is reported to have said that the Macedonians have not lost heart, and that they will prolong the struggle through the winter. Their object is to obtain the intervention of the Powers, the appointment of a Christian Governor-General, and genuine guarantees for the security of life and property under international control. The Bulgarian Government has resolved to maintain strict neutrality; but there is no abatement of the resentment at Constantinople against what is alleged to be the connivance of Prince Ferdinand's Ministers at the operations of the Bulgarian bands. Representatives of several Powers have been dispatched to the Monastir district, and this measure is connected with negotiations for an international occupation of Macedonia. But as there are now upwards of 350,000 Turkish troops in the country,



1. BEFORE THE EXPLOSION. 2. AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

THE TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS ON THE "BELLEISLE."
Drawn by H. C. Seppings Wright from Sketches by a Naval Officer.



MR. TREE'S LATEST SHAKSPERIAN REVIVAL AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: THE OPENING SCENE OF "RICHARD II."

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

Richard II. (Mr. Tree); The Queen (Miss Lily Brayton).

it is scarcely likely that the Sultan would consent to such a measure. It is not easy to ascertain exactly what is happening. According to some reports the Turks are crushing resistance by wholesale savagery, but others make out that "more humane warfare" is now practised on both sides. A secret treaty between Russia and Bulgaria is among the latest rumours.

THE SERBIAN ARMY.

King Peter's difficulties with his military factions may force him to seek peace of mind in what is politely called "external adventure." Some Serbian officers have been arrested for a plot to inflict punishment on the assassins of King Alexander. This has produced a counter-movement, and it is suggested that the officers who wish to execute justice upon assassins are more anxious to instal themselves in power. In short, government in Serbia is little more than a struggle between two parties in the army, with which the interests of the civil population have nothing to do. This makes the position of King Peter daily more insecure, and increases his temptation to take advantage of the imbroglio in Macedonia. That would be rather a desperate manoeuvre at the best, for Serbia is no more competent to cope with Turkey than she was in 1876. But King Peter knows that, in the event of his defeat, Austria would save him from territorial loss, and the victorious Turks would not be allowed even to invade Serbia. His adventure might give him an air of heroism in the eyes of his people, and the little differences in the Serbian army might be forgotten.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Under the presidency of Sir Norman Lockyer, the British Association began on Sept. 9 its annual series of meetings. This year the place of rendezvous is Southport, and the institution, which can now claim a respectable antiquity, has set out a programme which proves that it is still the most vital collective representative of scientific opinion in England.



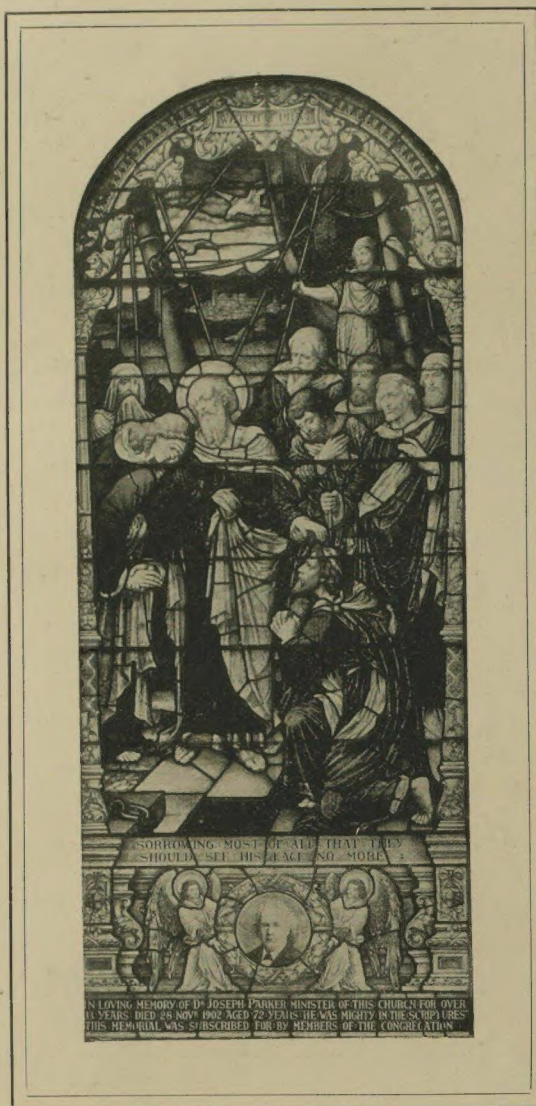
Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER,
PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

sectional presidents. The usual excursions to the places of interest in the neighbourhood have been arranged, and that to Hoole and Rufford is to be made by motor-car, more than twenty of these vehicles having been placed at the disposal of the committee by their owners. Among the exhibitions will be one of meteorological and magnetic instruments. Sir Norman Lockyer is the director of the Solar Physics Observatory at South Kensington. Since 1879 he has carried on researches there. At the time of his appointment he had already been ten years a Fellow of the Royal Society. He has conducted most of the important eclipse expeditions organised by the English Government since 1870. His address was subdivided into three heads—the first dealing with the endowment of Universities, which he holds to be as important to the nation's welfare as the battle-ships on which we have spent one hundred and twenty million pounds; secondly, the endowment of research; and thirdly, the appointment of a scientific council to look after our commerce and education, as the Council of Defence looks after our armaments.

It is always the aspir-
LUNATICS AT LARGE. tion of some lunatic to shoot the head of the State. President Roosevelt lately had a wild visitor, who was caught in the nick of time. His "shooting-iron," he said, was ready, and he made no secret of his intention. This incident has caused the American police to take unusual precautions for the safety of the President during his visit this week to Syracuse, in New

York State. Personally the most fearless of men, Mr. Roosevelt finds this protection very irksome; but as lunatics gravitate towards him by some law of nature, he cannot have the ease and freedom of a private citizen. At Melbourne an armed madman was arrested



Copyright Photo. Haines.

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO DR. PARKER
IN THE CITY TEMPLE.

at Government House, where he was seeking an interview with Lord Tennyson. Probably not all the incidents of this kind are made known. It would be an excellent thing (for Utopia) if they could be kept out of the papers altogether, for publicity certainly acts as a stimulus to minds unhinged. Three Presidents of the United States have been assassinated, and two of the assassins were undoubtedly insane.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

At the Natural History Department of the British Museum, South Kensington, may now be seen a series of models of deep-sea fishes. The tremendous pressure under which these strange creatures live is one of the primary causes affecting their organisation. It must be remembered that the pressure of the air at the surface of fifteen pounds to the square inch is increased in the sea to a ton weight for every 1000 fathoms of depth. The distress experienced by a balloonist reaching a great altitude, and the discomfort attendant on his rapid withdrawal from the

pressure under which he has lived, is aggravated in the case of the deep-sea fishes brought to the surface to such an extent that not only do their internal organs burst, but often the whole creature becomes disintegrated. The colours of these fishes are extremely simple, their bodies being, as a rule, either black, pink, or silvery. It is known that the spawn of some deep-sea fishes gradually rises to the surface to develop there, the young returning to the depths inhabited by their progenitors. In many, however, the spawn remains at the bottom of the ocean throughout the period of its development. When we consider the immense difference between the accelerating influences of light, warmth, and a constant supply of oxygen, and the retarding conditions of darkness, cold, and a minimum supply of oxygen, we can understand why some of the deep-sea creatures retain more or less the organisation of surface-fishes while others present degraded forms. Of fishes found only from 300 fathoms downwards, 230 true forms are known, of which we give a group of examples in our Illustration.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The work of the Congress was begun on Sept. 8 at Leicester. In the course of his opening address, Mr. Hornidge, the President, criticised severely Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal programme. He considered it highly improbable that an increase of duty upon articles required in this country would not be met by retaliatory tariffs levied by those countries from which we purchase.

THE LATE COUNT DEYM.

The death of the Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, occurring, as it did, on Sept. 3, formed a somewhat melancholy coincidence with the visit of King Edward to the Austrian Emperor. Count Deym passed away at Eckersdorf, in Prussian Silesia, at the château of his son-in-law. His Excellency, who had long been suffering from heart disease, took his annual leave earlier than usual this year, and in July went to Germany, where he visited several health-resorts in vain. He was finally unable to take nourishment, and about a fortnight ago the end was seen to be inevitable. The late Count was born in 1838. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Austrian Diplomatic Service. He was first attached to the Legation at St. Petersburg, and thereafter served successively in Paris, at the Vatican, and in London. For a time he went back to Austria to represent Bohemia in Parliament; but in 1887 he returned to diplomacy as Austrian Minister at Munich. The following year he took up the appointment at the Court of St. James's, which he held until his death. In 1870 his Excellency married the Countess Anna of Schlabrendorff.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE COUNT DEYM,
AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AT ST. JAMES'S.

THE FAR EAST.

There has been considerable excitement in Korea over the news that the Japanese have purchased a small island of strategic importance, called Sambak, in Mokko. The Russian papers are now taking the attitude that Japan's recent military activity was quite unnecessary. War, they say, is not contemplated, and as a sign of international friendliness, the Commander of the Primorski Dragoon Regiment is being sent to attend the Japanese Manœuvres. Reciprocally, a Japanese general and two Staff officers will attend the Russian Manœuvres.

The Emperor Francis Joseph's visit to Budapesth has been unfortunately without political result, and the Sovereign and the Parliament are now in open conflict. His Majesty has refused to give way on the army question, and none of the majority leaders would consent to form a Cabinet. Much embittered, Francis Joseph accordingly left Budapesth on Sept. 8.



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San Marino 2 Cents.

New South Wales 9d.

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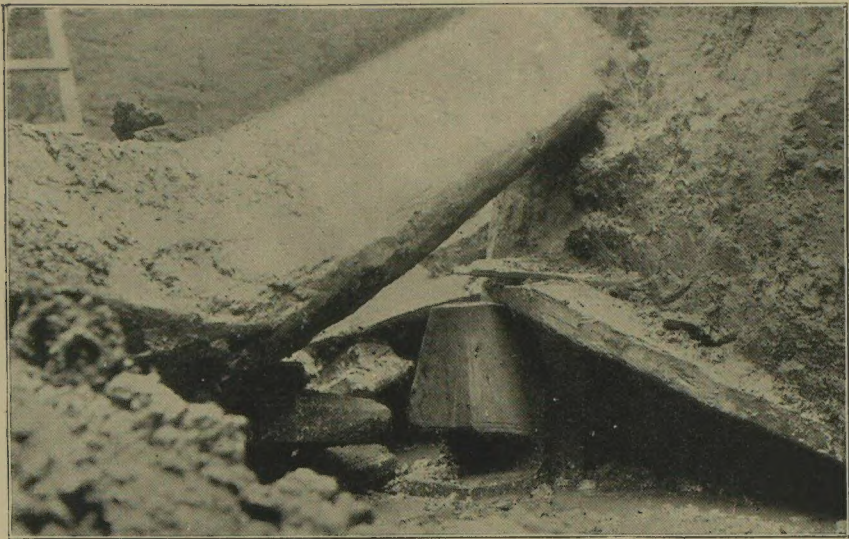
Bundi, in Rajputana.

St. Helena ½d.

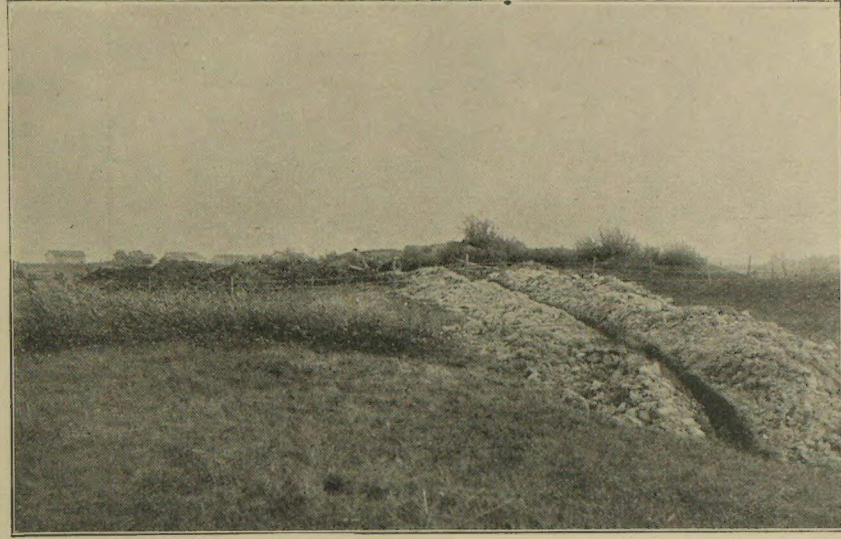
Mexico 10 Cents, in New Colours.

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THE GRAVE-CHAMBER FROM THE NORTH-WEST, SHOWING REMAINS OF THE SHIP.

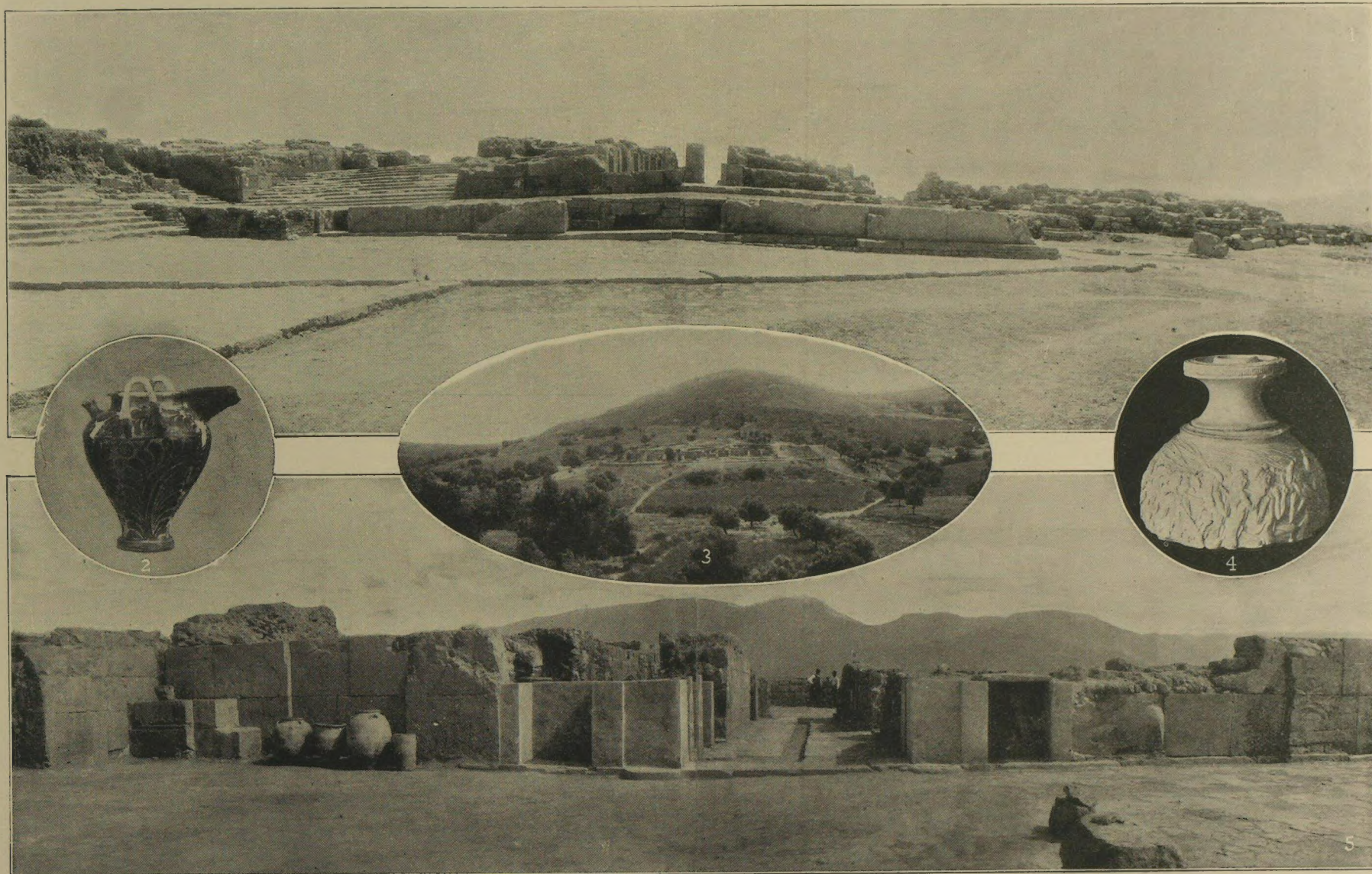


Photos. Professor Gustafsen.

THE BURIAL-MOUND, SHOWING A TRENCH EXTENDING FROM THE BURIAL-CHAMBER.

THE DISCOVERY OF A VIKING SHIP WITHIN A BURIAL-MOUND AT SLAGER, NORWAY.

Dead sea-kings were sometimes set adrift on a burning long ship. At other times the ship and its master were interred in a sepulchral mound or barrow.



1. EXCAVATIONS OF THE PALACE OF PHAESTUS: THE WESTERN COURT.

2. A MYCENÆAN VASE.

3. THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE ROYAL VILLA AT HAGIA TRIADA.

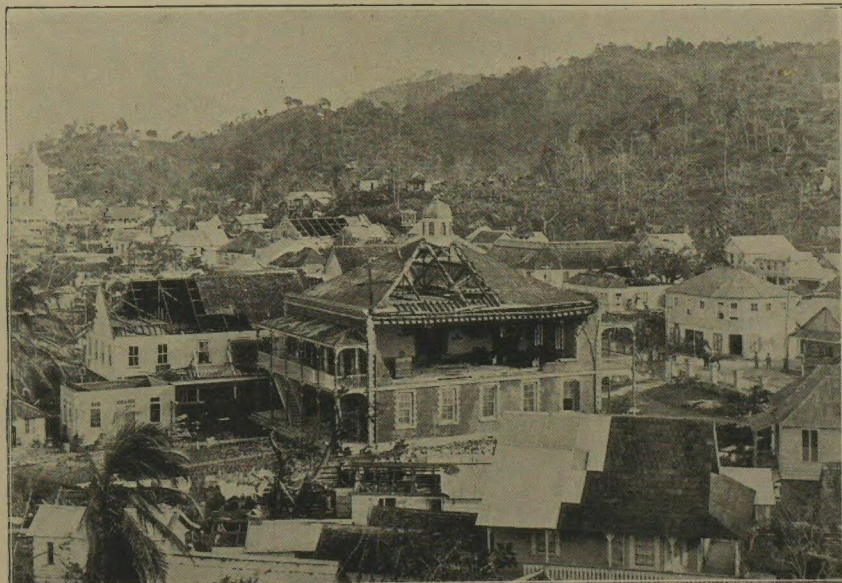
4. THE WARRIORS' VASE.

5. EXCAVATIONS OF THE PALACE OF PHAESTUS: THE EASTERN COURT AND ENTRANCE-TO THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS.

THE RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN CRETE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FEDERICO HALBHERR.

These excavations, which have thrown a wonderful light upon the construction of the early Greek house, were carried out at Phaestus, in the south of Crete, by the Italian Archaeological Mission.



THE WRECK OF THE TOWN HALL AT PORT ANTONIO.

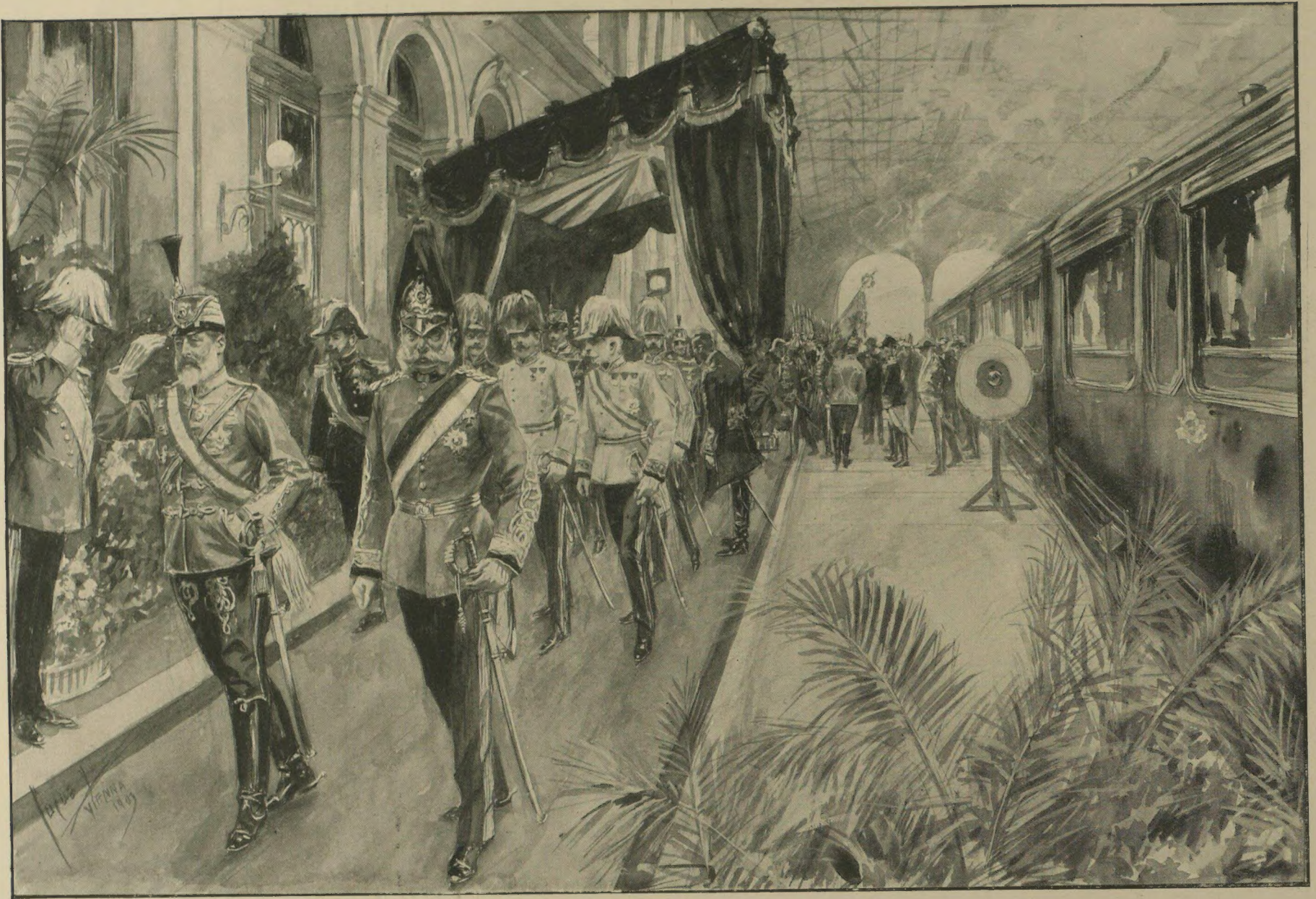


Photos. Jamaica Camera Exchange.

WRECKED HOUSES IN PORT ANTONIO.

EFFECTS OF THE RECENT TORNADO IN JAMAICA.

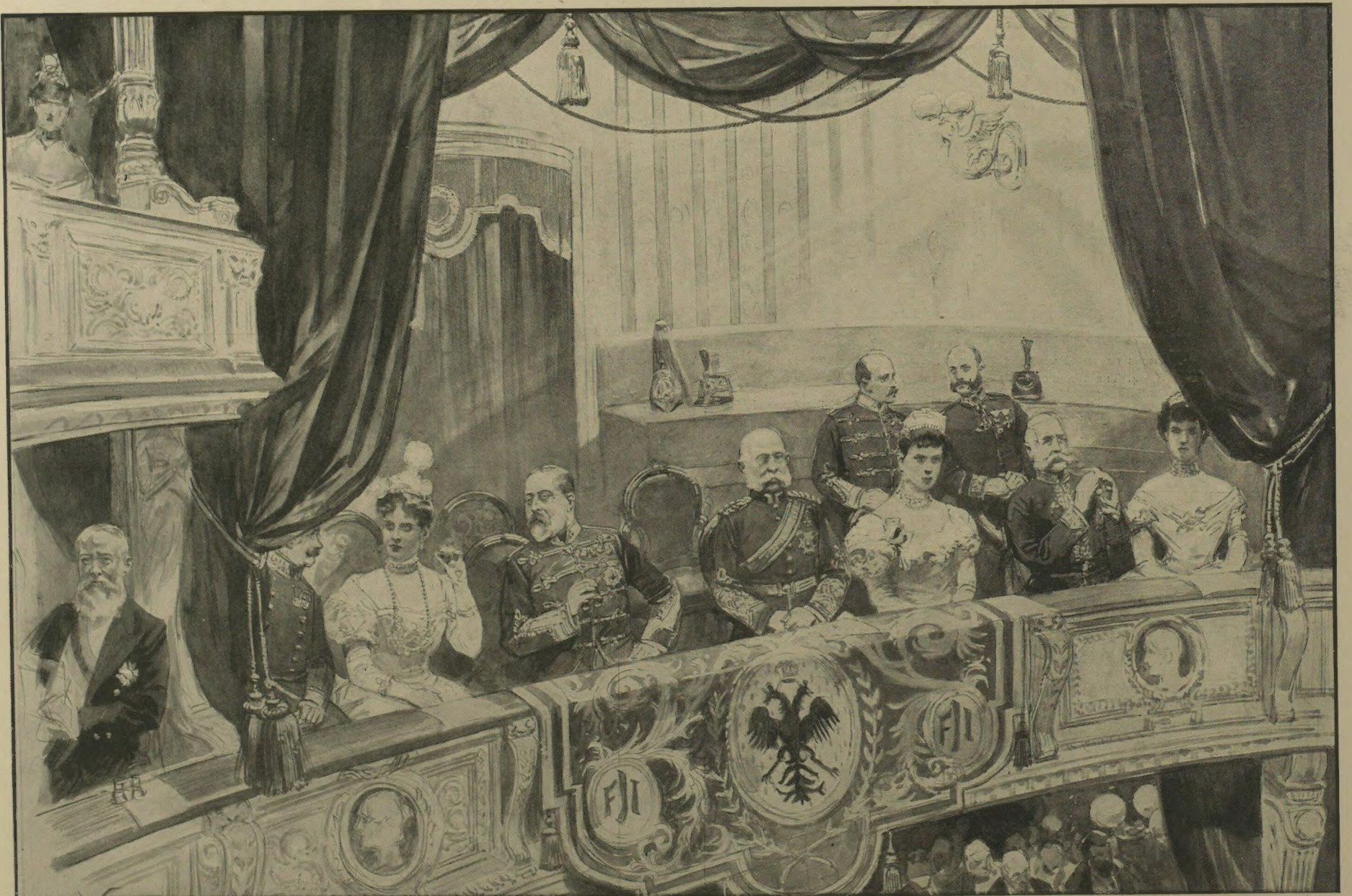
On August 11 great damage was done in Eastern Jamaica to Port Antonio and many small towns. The banana estates suffered severely.



THE ANGLO-AUSTRIAN FRIENDSHIP: THE EMPEROR'S WELCOME TO KING EDWARD AT THE VIENNA RAILWAY STATION.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN VIENNA.

King Edward wore the uniform of the 12th Austrian Hussars, of which he is honorary Colonel; the Emperor Francis Joseph that of the 1st British Dragoon Guards, the honorary Colonelcy of which his Imperial Majesty holds.



THE ANGLO-AUSTRIAN FRIENDSHIP: THE ROYAL BOX AT THE VIENNA OPERA ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 1.

DRAWING FINISHED BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM THE SKETCH BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN VIENNA.

The portraits in the picture, reading from the left, are those of Sir Francis Plunkett, the English Ambassador, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Archduchess Marie Josepha, King Edward, the Emperor, the Archduchess Valerie, the Archduke Ludwig Victor, the Archduchess Henrietta. The programme included Leoncavallo's "Bajazzo" and a ballet, "Die Perle von Iberien."

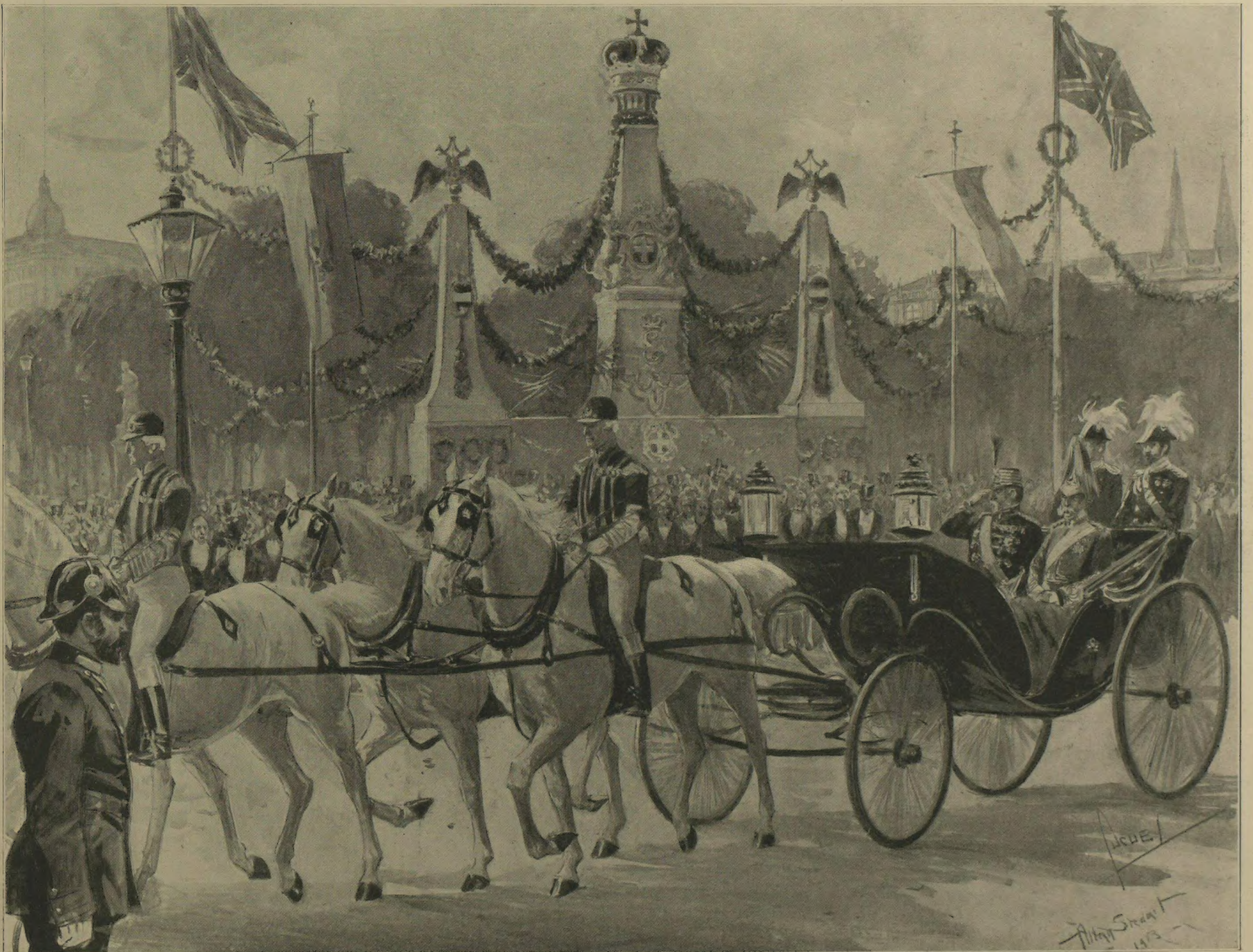


Austrian Emperor. King Edward.

KING EDWARD'S HUNTING EXPEDITION WITH THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: THE STAGS KILLED BY THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE LOBAU, SEPTEMBER 2.

COPYRIGHT BY THE ART REPRODUCTION COMPANY.

The Lobau, where the hunt took place, is a picturesque island in the Danube. King Edward killed two stags, and the Emperor one.



THE ANGLO-AUSTRIAN FRIENDSHIP.—KING EDWARD IN VIENNA, AUGUST 31: HIS MAJESTY AND THE EMPEROR IN THE RINGSTRASSE.

SKETCHED BY EDWARD CUCUEL (OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN VIENNA) AND FINISHED BY ALLAN STEWART.

The sketch was taken opposite the Rathhaus as the procession passed from the station to the Palace.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ENGLAND AND AUSTRIA: THE KING IN VIENNA

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN VIENNA.



Archduchess Marie Josepha.

King.

Emperor.

Archduchess Valerie.

Archduke Ludwig.

Sir F. Plunkett.

KING EDWARD DRINKS TO THE HEALTH OF HIS NEW FIELD-MARSHAL, THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH: THE GALA DINNER IN THE HALL OF CEREMONIES AT THE HOFBURG.

After the aged Austrian Kaiser had proposed King Edward's health in very cordial terms, alluding to the friendship between their respective nations, King Edward returned the compliment, and created Francis Joseph a Field-Marshal of the British Army.



He placed his hand gently on the old man's scanty white locks.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

She shook her head as she put her hand in his. "Ah no, Captain Lugard. I saw my mother die, and I have seen some of the prisoners at Waringa die, and I think I know now when death is near. And so does poor father. He is very old and very weak, though so brave. And——"

The old man's feeble voice interrupted her.

"Come in, my child; come in, Captain Lugard. I have heard all you have said. Come in, and let me feel your hand in mine for a moment; and good Captain Carroll too. I shall not keep you long, for I know you have many duties to attend to on the ship. But that which the captain has said has made me well content. I know my time is near, but I have no fear of the morrow. And I should like to say farewell to Captain Carroll."

Lugard, when he heard the faint voice, entered the cabin with Helen, and placed his hand gently on the old man's scanty white locks; Carroll followed and stood beside him, his rugged face softening as he saw the grey shadows of coming dissolution of soul from body creeping over the worn features.

He bade them farewell in a few words, and then asked for Vincent Hewitt. "I have already told him of my wishes in regard to Helen," he said to Lugard, "but I wish to write to my brother Walter concerning money matters, and as my letter will be a long one, Vincent will write it for me. And you, Helen, my dear child, must lie down and rest a few hours."

Returning to the main cabin, Carroll and Lugard called the mate, and with him studied the chart of the coast.

"We are now thirty miles or so from Sugarloaf Point," said the whaleman, indicating a spot on the chart; "and we should see the land in another hour or two, for the current is setting us dead on to it at the rate of three knots or more. And it's a mighty bad coast hereabouts—no shelter anywhere from Sugarloaf Point right up to Smoky Cape, except Port Macquarie—and we don't want to go *there*, even if we could get in over the bar in such a gale as this. Now, just round Smoky Cape there is a snug little place where we can lie quiet enough, and where there is a fine sloping beach, on which we can put the brig and get at this worrying leak. You know the place I mean, Grey, where we bathed in the little creek?"

Grey, the mate, nodded. "That's the very place for us, Sir—Trial Bay. I had a good look at it. We couldn't get a better spot to put the brig on the ground if it was made for us."

"But is there any settlement there?" asked Lugard anxiously.

"No; nor none nearer than Port Macquarie, which we shall pass to-night. And we can lie so close in that we might be there a month without being seen. Melville, of the *Troubridge*, told me that all the country round is uninhabited except by niggers, who are plentiful enough; but we are too strong for them to interfere with us. And in any case we should be able to get at the leak and be at sea again in three days at most."

"Then the sooner we reach Trial Bay the better," said Lugard. "It's no use our trying to claw off the land; we can't do it; and

we are leaking too freely to please me."

"Very well, then," said Carroll, as he led the way on deck. "Call the other watch, Mr. Grey."

A quarter of an hour later the little brig was flying before the gale under all the canvas she could safely carry, and the two captains, as they stood on the poop and looked astern at the wild,

chasing seas, and saw the furious speed at which the vessel was driving, congratulated each other that she was able to outrace them.

"Shake her up, lads; shake her up!" cried Carroll to the men, who were again at the pumps. "The less water in her the quicker she'll go, and the sooner we'll be lying snug on a nice sandy beach. Those of you who want coffee can get as much as they like from the steward; those who want rum can get it from the second mate."

All night long the brig flew northward, and at dawn the great blue-grey mound of Smoky Cape was only ten miles distant.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Whilst the little whaling brig was plunging and swaying before the fierce blast of the savage gale that, as she ran for her haven of safety, was smiting the long eastern seaboard, and the two captains stood watching the loom of Smoky Cape, Dr. Haldane, booted and spurred, was seated talking to Rutland in a private room at the Currency Lass. He had only arrived in Sydney on the previous day, and, without even delaying to change his travel-stained clothes, went directly to Mrs. Grainger's house, where he was told that Miss Lathom and her maid, Helen Cronin, had left Sydney a few days previously.

"It's a sickening business, Rutland," he said; "Lathom's whole life was wrapped up in that deceitful girl."

"Do you think the Graingers have any idea of what has really occurred?" asked the Commissary.

"No, I do not. Mrs. Grainger seemed very much distressed at Miss Lathom's sudden and mysterious departure. 'Just fancy her leaving me in such a manner!' said the poor lady. 'I can only conclude that she must have been worrying about leaving her uncle, and that her brain became slightly affected. Else why should she (and the maid, too) leave my daughters and me in this strange fashion—at night-time and without one word of farewell? Of course she has gone to join Captain Lathom at Port Macquarie!'

"I was not going to tell her that I knew that that was very unlikely—it would have only increased the poor woman's distress. She simply thinks that Miss Lathom"—here the good doctor smiled grimly—"in her anxiety to see her uncle again, went slightly off her head, and has gone by water to Broken Bay, where there was a Government schooner waiting to take a detachment of the 102nd to Port Macquarie. The captain of this schooner would, she was confident, give Miss Lathom and her maid a passage. Of course, I quite agreed with the good lady's mental-derangement-of-Miss-

Lathom theory, especially as she and her daughters had noticed that the girl had latterly shown the most extraordinary changes of mood, especially after writing to or receiving a letter from her uncle. And as an absolute and convincing proof of her mental condition, she had not taken away any clothing except that which she was wearing at the time; the same with Helen Cronin."

Rutland nodded. "You did quite right, Haldane. But, speaking of this girl Cronin, I have heard Lathom himself say that he believed her to be thoroughly truthful and honest, and that she was no criminal. I suppose she must have been bought over by Lathom's niece."

"I don't know what to think of it, Rutland. Like Lathom, I believe the girl to be honest, straightforward, and above suspicion. Furthermore, she is a lady, and I don't believe that her name is Cronin any more than yours is Rameses. I cannot possibly imagine a girl with such a face as hers becoming a party to anything wrong—and, well, I won't believe it; I can't." He paused awhile, and then resumed—

"As soon as possible after leaving Mrs. Grainger, I went to work and made inquiries from the harbour authorities, and found that no vessel of any description had left for Broken Bay for a week past, and if one had left, and the two women had sailed in her, the fact would have been very well known in a few hours, for Miss Lathom and her maid leaving Sydney in a little coasting vessel would naturally have aroused some wonder and considerable comment. So, satisfied on that point, I considered if it were possible that she really had (in a sudden fit of penitence) tried to go home to Waringa, and, accompanied by the girl, set off to either Broken Bay or Port Hunter, by way of Parramatta—a long and trying journey, especially when all the rivers are in flood. I went to the lively people and made inquiries; no one had hired either saddle-horses or trap to go even to Parramatta, as the roads were too bad; and all traffic between Sydney and Parramatta was carried on by the Commissariat steamer *Pelican*. Now, the skipper of the *Pelican* knows Ida Lathom by sight as well as you know me. I went down to Darling Harbour and saw the old fellow, and said casually that I supposed Miss Lathom and her maid had travelled by the *Pelican* to Parramatta a few days ago. 'Not with me, doctor,' he said, with a snort. 'I wouldn't be likely to forget it if she had. The last time she travelled with me she made me spread the after-awning so as she could sit on deck and be waited on hand and foot as if she were a real princess. The cabin of the *Pelican* is good enough for most officers' ladies, but not good enough for her—she, with her long yaller ringlets, and parasols, and smelly salts an' such!'"

Rutland could not help smiling. "Old Cunningham is a very outspoken mariner, and I have no doubt but that the young lady tyrannised over him all she could—it's her nature."

"It is and always was! Well, there was only one more thing for me to do, and that was to find out whether Mr. Maurice Wray was in town or not. I went to his rooms in York Street, and was informed by his landlady that he had gone away on a shooting trip somewhere in the vicinity of Parramatta, and might not be back for a week or two. Then I went to the Barracks and saw Treherne, Fanning, and others; they all told me the same thing, and no doubt believe he really is away shooting, although Treherne remarked that it was a curious thing for a man to go away in such weather as we have had lately. 'But,' he added, 'it's better for him to be wading about in the swamps shooting ducks than staying in Sydney and being rooked by Feilding and Macartney.' That finished my inquiries, and I came to the conclusion that Wray and the girl must have left the colony in some homeward or foreign-bound ship."

"No doubt about it," said the Commissary, "though how they managed to do it I cannot understand. Every vessel that leaves the port has to undergo a strict search for absconding prisoners, and both Wray and Miss Lathom are well known to all the officials. Their presence on board as passengers together would have excited great wonder—they must have stowed away very cleverly."

"Wray is a moneyed man, and money will do much. Anyway, I found that two foreign-bound ships have sailed lately, the *Protector* and the *Leeward*, but am assured that neither took a single passenger; or, if they did, such passengers were not seen."

"I wonder now," said Rutland suddenly, "if Lugard was concerned in this matter! By Jove, I begin to understand things. Now just listen to my theory."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"As I was telling you," resumed Rutland, "there was a fearful row at the Currency Lass the other night. I came in at the tail-end of the affair. Macartney was slightly drunk, and had thrown a decanter at Lugard, who had induced Wray to stop playing. Lugard took things very coolly, and insinuated to Macartney and Feilding before me that they had been rooking Wray, who was not sober enough to play. Macartney and little Feilding looked murder at the American, especially when he made Feilding give him an order on his bankers for four hundred pounds or so, and contemptuously refused to fight Macartney. After Macartney and his fellow-shark had gone off, Lugard remained with Wray and me for half an hour or so, and they went home."

"Now I always took the American to be just what he represented himself to be—the agent of some people who were seeking information about the family of a convict named Ascott, who was transported in Governor Phillip's time, so you can imagine my astonishment when I came down to my breakfast the other morning to hear from my butler that there were printed bills just then being put up in the town offering a reward of £100 each for the apprehension of 'James Lugard, said to be a citizen of the United States, Patrick Montgomery, and Samuel Cole.' Then followed a personal description of each of the three, and an intimation that Lugard and the man Cole had attacked two constables who were sent to arrest the former, bound and gagged them, and then, with the man Montgomery, made their escape."

"I came over to town as soon as possible, and here a fresh surprise awaited me at my office. You may remember that some time ago I was stuck up by Hewitt, the bushranger, and relieved of £200."

"Perfectly," said Haldane.

"Well, on the night of the row at the Currency Lass, as Lugard was bidding Wray and me good-night, or rather good-morning, he said, as near as I can remember, 'I'm glad I've won that money from that little ruffian Feilding. I want £200 for a particular purpose—a friend of mine borrowed £200 from a man whom I know to be a very good fellow.' From this remark I gathered that he (Lugard) was going to present this money to his friend so as to enable him to repay the loan."

"As soon as I entered the office, my clerk handed me a packet addressed to me. I opened it and found it contained £200 in notes, with a line: 'With Vincent Hewitt's compliments and thanks for the loan.' Of course I was very delighted, but at the same time somewhat fearful that Mr. Hewitt had made a still larger haul, and had sent me stolen notes. However, I knew I could soon ascertain if they had been stolen, and so for the time put them into my safe—for I was anxious to find out all the details of Lugard's affair with the constables. I always liked the man, and I felt really concerned to know on what charge they had tried to arrest him."

"I soon learnt all that I wanted to know, for just as I left my office I met Marsbin, Feilding, and the head constable coming down the street. They had just come from the Governor, and Marsbin was swelling with importance, Feilding green with rage. Dismissing the head constable, the parson and his toady hurried me into the 'Governor Phillip,' and then told me their story."

"Feilding, it seems, had reason to suspect Lugard of being in the colony for some illegal purpose, and had communicated his suspicions to the parson. He (Feilding) had picked up a partially written letter which Lugard had dropped that night at the Currency Lass, and the parson gave me a tracing of it. Here it is," and Rutland handed a slip of paper to Haldane. "It was undoubtedly Lugard's writing, which I know well." The doctor read it.

"MY DEAR MISS ADAIR,—Pray be prepared now at any moment. There is every indication of this long spell of calm weather breaking up, and the ship should——"

"Neither the parson nor Feilding knew of any woman in that colony—bond or free—named Adair, but they both knew of John Adair, No. 17412, an Irish political prisoner serving his time at Port Macquarie. That gave them a clue, and Feilding put on two men to watch Lugard's movements. The parson—who, to do him justice, is as astute as he is merciless—also went to work in the meantime, and found out that the American, in the course of his inquiries concerning the Ascott family, had been to Port Macquarie. This was certainly suspicious in connection with his letter to 'Miss Adair' and the fact of John Adair being a prisoner at Port Macquarie. Marsbin went to the Governor and told him that he believed Lugard was up to some mischief in connection with one or more of the Irish political prisoners. The Governor, who loathes the parson most fervently, was rather sharp with him, and refused to comply with his request to have Lugard arrested on suspicion. And then, by an extraordinary coincidence, just as Marsbin was reiterating his opinion that Lugard's visit to Port Macquarie was in connection, not with the Ascott family, but with the Irish prisoners there, a letter was brought to his Excellency informing him that John Adair had escaped from custody, and, although a most rigorous search had been made, had not been recaptured. The messenger who brought the letter was the master of a small coasting vessel which had just arrived from Port Macquarie."

Then, as briefly as possible, Rutland went on to say that this letter, which was written by the new Commandant at Port Macquarie—Lathom himself—after giving details of the search made for No. 17412, stated that as a man named Duke, a convict overseer, was strongly of the opinion that the escapee had succeeded in getting on board an American whaling-brig then off the coast, he (Lathom) had sent out the Government cutter to intercept her. Duke's suspicions, however, were entirely unfounded, for the suspected vessel was actually met with on her way to Port Macquarie in order to buy a bullock for the crew, and Murchison, the master of the cutter, although he was invited by the American captain to come on board and search the ship, wisely refrained from doing so, knowing that the Governor was very anxious to encourage the visits of American vessels to the colony. Lathom had commended Murchison for his discretion, especially as the captain of the brig himself came on shore a few hours later, bought a bullock, and spent some time in the township."

"But," Rutland went on to say, "the parson was so persistent in urging the Governor—the dear old fellow!—to have Lugard arrested as a suspected person that he lost his temper; and said that as Marsbin was himself a magistrate, and Feilding another, they could issue a warrant on their own responsibility. He said, 'To be quite frank with you, Sir' (this was told me later on by the Governor himself), 'I am not going to be made your cat's-paw and Feilding's. My opinion of Mr. Feilding you know, my opinion of you I can now express freely—I consider you ought to be relegated to your own particular work, which is of an ecclesiastical character; you are a disturbing element, and a confounded nuisance to the colony generally.'"

"I bade the two gentlemen good-bye, after expressing my belief to Feilding—who is a detestable little brute—that he and Marsbin were wrong in their imagining that Lugard was other than what he represented himself to be. 'You'll soon see,' said the creature, with a malevolent grin. 'I'll lay him by the heels in a day or so.'"

Then Rutland told the doctor how on his return to his office he took the notes which had been sent him to the bank, and found out there that they had been paid out to Captain Lugard as part of an order drawn in his favour for £430 by Feilding!

"This was a surprise to me. What on earth could a man like Lugard have to do with Vincent Hewitt, an escaped convict and bushranger? Then I remembered

that Hewitt had been in the Port Macquarie district quite recently, and he and two other escaped prisoners had captured the Government cutter at Camden Haven, and that Lugard had been to Port Macquarie soon after the affair. It certainly did look fishy; and the order had been cashed by Lugard himself! Then I began to understand the meaning of his apparently casual remark concerning 'the friend' of his who had borrowed £200 from a man whom he (Lugard) knew to be a 'very good fellow'—meaning myself."

"I see, I see, Rutland," said Haldane; "this is most interesting. Go on."

"Well—and this is the part of the story that I believe brings Lugard in with Lathom's niece—when the two constables called on Lugard to surrender, he was accompanied by two other persons. One was Samuel Cole, an emancipist, and the other, who was unknown to them, the constables described as a youth of about seventeen or eighteen, dressed in sailor's rig. This youth was certainly not Patrick Montgomery, who is a big fellow of six feet."

"Surely you don't mean to say you think this sailor lad was Miss Lathom?" cried Haldane in astonishment. "What on earth would she be doing with Lugard? And where would Wray be?"

"Ah, that's a bit of a puzzle! But here are some links in my chain of supposition that Lugard is associated with the disappearance of Lathom's niece—First: This American whaling-ship, the *Palmyra*, has been hanging about the coast for over a year, and visits Port Jackson so frequently that everyone wonders at it. Second: After the escape of John Adair from Port Macquarie the *Palmyra* appears at Botany Bay, and was certainly there the night of the affray between Lugard and the constables. Third: Some duck-shooters in the Botany swamps saw four persons riding at a gallop along the track to Cook's Landing Place. Fourth: The *Palmyra* put to sea that night, and on that same night Ida Lathom and her maid Helen also disappear."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Haldane agreed with the Commissary that the simultaneous disappearance of Ida Lathom, Helen, Wray, Lugard, and Montgomery and Cole was certainly very curious, and that it was possible that Wray, who felt grateful to the American seaman for protecting him from being further cheated by Feilding and Macartney, had told him something of the relations existing between Ida Lathom and himself, and Lugard, in return for this confidence, had offered to take them away from the colony in the whaling brig."

"For instance, doctor," continued Rutland, "what could have been easier than for Lugard to say to Wray, 'I'll help you through in this matter with your lady-love. You can both get a passage away in the *Palmyra*.' And from such a God-forsaken and deserted place as Botany Bay they could have got away without notice—they could not have done so in Sydney. Then, again, Lugard may have made it a matter of business; Wray had come in for thirty thousand pounds, and he—if he really is as infatuated with Ida Lathom as she is with him—would not hesitate at spending a thousand or so in order to get away without beat of drum."

Haldane nodded. "It's a wretched, beastly business. I don't know what is best for me to do. I suppose I might as well go to Port Macquarie and tell Lathom that she has gone off with the fellow?"

The Commissary had just said "Yes," when a knock came to the door, and a young man in the uniform of a naval lieutenant entered the room.

"Hullo, Mr. Rutland! How do you do?" he said, extending his hand. "How is Mrs. Rutland? Well, I trust?"

"Quite well, Ralston. This is my friend, Mr. Haldane—Haldane, Mr. Ralston, of H.M.S. *Marlborough*. Sit down, Ralston"; and he rang the bell for the waiter. "What brings you ashore in full fig at this time in the morning?"

"Most important business," replied the young officer with a laugh; "so important that I already feel I shall fly my own flag and be buried in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, with my bier bedewed by the tears of the mourning British public. I'm going off in chase of a pirate ship, or something of that character. But I want a stiff brandy—want it sadly, or badly, for my new acquired and tremendous responsibilities have so unnerved me that I must take to strong drink. And then I also want our esteemed Boniface Bennett to put me up a case or two of grog as well to take aboard my new command."

"New command?" said Rutland inquiringly to the young man, who had made himself an especial favourite with Mrs. Rutland and the Commissary's family generally by his frank, ingenious manner.

"Yes," replied Ralston, with a merry twinkle in his bright eyes. "I am promoted to be commander of his Majesty's ship *Coot*—and a rare old coot she is, too; leaks like a basket, and sails as fast as a one-legged horse can gallop."

Both Haldane and Rutland knew the vessel—a good-sized brigantine which had for many years been employed by the Government in conveying stores, and occasionally soldiers, between Van Diemen's Land and Port Jackson. She was old, a rather poor sailer, and carried six guns.

"Surveying service?" asked Rutland, with kindly interest.

"Surveying service indeed! Did I not tell you just now, Mr. Rutland, that I am going off in pursuit of a pirate?" And then, dropping his jesting tone, he said, "The fact is, Mr. Rutland, there has been an escape of convicts, and the Governor this morning sent for the Commodore. The result of their interview was that orders were given to get the old *Coot* ready for sea immediately. Then the Commodore told me that I was to have command, and that I was to report myself personally to the Governor, who would give me certain instructions. Off I went, and saw the old cock. He was very kind to me, and told me that I was to search

for an American whaling brig called the *Palmyra*, in which these convicts are believed to have escaped, and if I found them on board, to seize the vessel and bring her back. It seems a curious business, and the old gentleman, I could see, is very much upset. There is a Captain Lugard mixed up—” He stopped suddenly, remembering that he had met Lugard at Rutland’s house.

“Go on, Ralston. Tell us all you can with propriety,” said the Commissary earnestly; “both Dr. Haldane and I are very much interested in this matter, and, indeed, were speaking of Captain Lugard and this very ship when you came. As you know, he was a visitor at my house, and I sincerely regret he is mixed up in this affair.”

“And the Governor seems worried over it too,” said Ralston. “He told me that I should have to proceed with the greatest circumspection. Lugard, he said, had brought letters from the Home Government which he considered quite established his *bond fides*. He came here to search for some person, and he (the Governor) said he was between two stools. If he failed to dispatch a vessel in search of the *Palmyra* the Home Government would raise a deuce of a row; if he made a mess of it by having an American ship overhauled, and no escaped convicts were found on board, he would be held equally to blame. But it seems that there actually was a warrant out for Lugard’s arrest, and on that ground alone he must proceed, although I can see that the old fellow doesn’t like it. He says that there is no definite evidence that Lugard was concerned in the escape of some Irish prisoner from Port Macquarie, although he certainly did resist arrest upon a warrant issued by a Mr. Feilding—a magistrate here—and he and a man named Cole knocked the constables down and gagged them. It’s a curious business. Now I must be off and see Bennett. I may have to cruise along the coast as far as Endeavour Straits, and, being of a luxurious habit, want to provide myself with some few delicacies for my tender stomach.”

“When do you sail, Mr. Ralston?” asked Haldane quickly.

“About six o’clock this evening—as soon as I get my stores, etc., on board.”

Shaking hands with Rutland and his friend, he went off, and then Haldane said to the Commissary—

“Rutland, I don’t know whether I am doing wisely or not; but I’m off to the Governor to get his permission to sail in the *Coot*. He won’t refuse me a favour. I need not tell him why I want to go—anyway, he may not ask. If he does, I’ll tell him. And he is a firm friend of Fred Lathom.”

Rutland grasped his hand. “You are a good fellow, Haldane. But what will you do if Ralston should overtake this vessel, and you find Wray and Miss Lathom on board?”

“I can’t tell, Rutland. I must think it out later on. I want to bring the wretched girl back to Lathom if I possibly can. He is so fond of her that he’ll forgive her. And if they *are* on board, I’ll try hard to see that Wray does not come back to Sydney with her. He is not wanted by the authorities, and possibly I can manage to get him put ashore at one of the settlements on the coast, or else on board some other ship bound away from Australia. I won’t mince matters with him; I can make him fight as a last resort. Oh, it’s a damnable business, Rutland!”

“It is indeed!” said the ruddy-faced Commissary,

with genuine sympathy in his voice. “Now, tell me, what about money? You may need some.”

“I may indeed. Will you lend me £500 till I return, whenever that may be?”

“More if you want it, Haldane. Get you off to the Governor, and I’ll have the money ready for you in gold when you return. Now for Heaven’s sake don’t go writing me out an I O U when time presses!” and the kind-hearted official literally pushed his friend out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Just as the *Palmyra* rounded Smoky Cape and brought-to in smooth water under the lee of the headland, John Adair died, quietly and peacefully, with Helen kneeling at his side.



“Some duck-shooters in the Botany swamps saw four persons riding at a gallop.”

The brig came to an anchor less than a cable length from the shore. The tide was on the ebb, and therefore Carroll, as the vessel could not be beached for another eight hours, when it would be full flood, told the mate to get the one “stand-by,” or spare boat, up from the ‘tween decks, where it was always carried, and make it ready to go on shore.

A few minutes later Vincent Hewitt came on deck and told the captain that his uncle was dead.

“Poor girl!” said the whaleman; then, turning, he held his hand up warningly to those of the crew who were getting the boat up from the hold.

“Go easy, men—make as little noise as possible. Mr. Dawson, half-mast the colours.”

The rough seamen responded with a low and willing “Ay, ay, Sir,” to their captain’s command; for they knew as they saw the second mate take the brig’s ensign out of the flag locker that the

“old passenger,” as they had termed John Adair, had passed away, and proceeded with their duties in that silent manner which, primarily the result of the habit of unquestioning obedience to their officers’ orders, became the more marked and subdued when they knew that Death had come amongst them.

As soon as the boat was in the water, Carroll and Lugard went below to get arms and ammunition for themselves and the boat’s crew. They stepped very quietly, but Helen heard them, and came out of her father’s cabin. There was no need for them to tell her of their deep sympathy—she could read it in their faces, as they silently pressed her hand in turn.

“Captain Lugard and I must leave the ship for an hour or two, Miss Adair,” said the master of

the brig; “we wish to search for a suitable spot to beach her; but Mr. Grey and the steward will be at your service, and your cousin will, of course, remain with you.”

“You are all very kind to me, Captain Carroll; and I am, I assure you, very, very grateful for all the attention you gave my poor father.” She tried to smile through her tears. “Now I shall not cry any more; I must remember that you have much to do, and I want to help and not hinder you. Please tell me when you wish to—to take my father—”

Lugard interrupted her gently. “Not to-day, Miss Adair. Captain Carroll thought that you would approve of to-morrow morning.”

“And Captain Lugard thought, Miss, that perhaps you would like to choose the spot where you wish your father to be buried. He will take you on shore when we return if you wish.”

“Ah, Captain Lugard,” said the girl gratefully, “that is indeed thoughtful of you. I shall never, never forget your kindnesses, not only to me, but to my father, and to my cousin as well, for he owes his liberty to you.”

“It is a happiness to Captain Carroll and myself to do all that we can for you, Miss Adair, whilst you are on board the *Palmyra*,” replied the young American gravely, as if he were alluding to the present only, and did not wish to recall anything that he had done in the past. “Would you like to come ashore in about two hours from now? It is still blowing hard, but the rain has ceased.”

“Thank you, Captain Lugard; I shall be quite ready.”

Ten minutes later the boat pushed off from the brig and headed for the

mouth of a small stream which debouched into the sea less than three hundred yards from where she lay.

“Poor little hooker!” said Carroll, as he gazed back affectionately at his vessel, “she looks little better than a wreck. Ha! Grey has started the men at the pumps again. I should have told him to let them rest until we get back—they make a fearful noise, and I don’t want that poor girl to be disturbed more than we can help.” Then he called out, “Back, port!” to the crew, swung the boat’s head round with the great steer oar, and hailed the mate.

“Let the pumps stand awhile, Mr. Grey. We’ll take a rousing good spell at them when I come back.”

“Ay, ay, Sir,” replied Grey, who immediately guessed the reason for the order, and once more the burly skipper slewed the boat round for the shore.

(To be continued.)

NEW FICTION AND TRAVEL.

Barlasch of the Guard. By Henry Seton Merriman. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Maids of Paradise. By Robert W. Chambers. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)
Chris of All-Sorts. By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Johanna. By B. M. Croker. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Spendthrift Summer. By Margery Williams. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
A Frontiersman. By Roger Pocock. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Seton Merriman has this time chosen Dantzig in 1812 as the pulpit from which to deliver his philosophy of life. It would be impossible for a writer with his gifts to make a novel centring in Napoleon's invasion of Russia uninteresting, but "Barlasch" will hardly rank with his best work. There is little freshness in the characters. Those who are familiar with his books will greet as an old acquaintance the strong, silent figure, laboriously labelled as a man of action, who wins the heroine by waiting until all possible rivals have exhibited themselves as knaves or weaklings. The man of action is this time a French Royalist émigré in the British Navy; while his foil, the plausible, talkative youth, is a cousin of his own in Napoleon's army. The heroine is daughter of a mysterious French exile at Dantzig, an escaped victim of the Terror, and a leading spirit in the "Tugendbund" which helped to rouse Germany in the dark days of Napoleon's triumph. Barlasch is a French soldier of the Old Guard, billeted on the Dantzig household—one of your surly, cunning Norman peasants with a heart of gold. In fact, the old man is a striking figure. But the merit of the novel lies less in the actual story or the actual drawing of character than in the skill with which a slight plot is interwoven with a background of great events. Napoleon is only seen for a moment, but his ambitions dominate the book, and the people to whom we are introduced are but pawns in the great tragic game that culminated in the retreat from Moscow. The author has taken somewhat obvious pains with his history and geography, and is very scornful towards English ignorance of Continental history. But, if we do not misunderstand him, he has himself confused Eugène de Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson, with Prince Eugène of Savoy, Marlborough's ally a century before.

If Mr. Bernard Shaw believes his own statement that "effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style," then will he appreciate "The Call of the Wild." Mr. Jack London has always something to assert, and as to the effectiveness of his assertion there can be no doubt. His latest work is in every way a worthy successor to "Children of the Frost" and those other powerful studies of the primitive that have already given him high rank among the writers of realistic fiction. The human interest is singularly slight, and yet, in a sense, through the extraordinary humanising of a dog, singularly apparent. Buck, the Alaskan sled-dog, biting his way to the head of the pack, king to slave, slave to king again, and slave to kingly-slave, and glorying in the "toil of trace," is but a type of man forced to beat down the weakling in his path, eager for pride of place. The story of his fall from pampered civilisation to savage freedom under the law of club and fang; the triumph of instinct over training; the submerging of the great-hearted dog, "king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included," in the dreaded Ghost Dog of the Yeehats, heading the pack of timber-wolves, more cunning than they, "stealing from their camps in fierce winters, robbing their traps, slaying their dogs, and defying their bravest hunters"—is close akin to those stories of human rebellion which are written in the book of nations. It is at once fascinating and true.

It seems that under the Second Empire the military police consisted chiefly of Americans, who would have rendered Napoleon III. great service if they had not been frustrated by the venal intriguers who brought him to his ruin. This interesting piece of history we learn from Mr. Robert Chambers's new romance, of which the hero and the principal villain are natives of the United States. There are lively passages devoted to the German invasion of France, and we are surprised to find that the invading armies were not commanded by Americans. A lady who turns out to be a German spy has been the unwitting cause of misfortune to an American youth. In fact, he spent four years in the penal settlement of New Caledonia. But we are glad to say that the little misunderstanding is made right in the end. The principal villain, John Buckhurst, is a Communist, with eyes of so pale a colour that he looks like a blind man. He grossly deceives a French countess, who believes in the brotherhood of mankind, also in the sisterhood, and is consequently at the mercy of designing persons. She is beloved by the American gentleman who is supposed to narrate the story, and who is nursed by her when a Uhlan shoots him in the back, just missing the spine. How many bullets in how many novels just miss the hero's spine? We cannot profess to take the smallest interest in Madame de Vassart, whose simplicity passes belief; and Mr. Buckhurst becomes extremely tiresome. There is a circus-proprietor—American, of course—whose show provides bread-and-butter for the hero and his comrade when they are turned out of the military police. Down on the coast of Brittany there is some exciting work with the circus, a French cruiser, and trains full of treasure belonging to the fallen Emperor. They are mixed up together in glorious profusion; and readers who like this sort of thing will get plenty of it for their money.

Mr. Baring-Gould has written over twenty volumes of fiction, and ought by this time to be an expert hand. But surely no amateur ever produced anything more foolish and inept than "Chris of All-Sorts." We are lost in wonder how an intelligent man could put such stuff together, and have the assurance to print it. Mr. Baring-Gould favours us with an illiterate

artist's model who leaves a drunken husband to commit bigamy with a baronet, and fraudulently ousts from the title the legitimate heir, a military gentleman who is unlucky in South Africa. He is sent home in disgrace; but it is subsequently discovered that the Boers had tampered with certain documents which led him astray, and so he is summoned back to the field by Lord Kitchener. In the meantime his lady-love has been raising the moral tone of a London slum, a most excellent thing to do if Mr. Baring-Gould were capable of handling the subject. But the lady is no more credible than the military gentleman who comes in for tardy laurels, or the bigamous widow who has deserted her lawful family. Mr. Baring-Gould is free with his opinions, of which one specimen will suffice. He condemns the "literary garbage, the penny novelette, the poisonous expectorations of those soured men who, incapable of constructing anything, set their whole ambition on creating and spreading ruin." This picture of disappointed Anarchists, writing penny novelettes to destroy society, will astonish the cheerful purveyors of a fiction which, in literary merit, is in no way inferior to "Chris of All-Sorts."

"Johanna" is an Irish story of love, tragedy, and tears. The tragedy and the tears predominate, and we have all too little of that delightful humour of which Mrs. Croker is mistress when she is so minded. Still, there are flashes here and there, as in the letter of the country girl who wrote: "A good many people died last winter that never died before—the weather being severe." But these are all too few: misery wails in almost every page, and the beautiful heroine is persistently, almost stupidly, unhappy. She is a Kerry girl, who has run away from home to escape from a forced marriage and a fiendish stepmother; she has very little of "the English," and just before reaching Dublin a puff of wind deprives her of the paper which contains her future address. A scheming woman, who is travelling with her, persuades her to accompany her to her house—which is a lodging-house—and once there she and her sister lead her an awful life. This part of Mrs. Croker's story is probable enough, though we hope that the world contains few such young women as Lucy Cullen. The wildly improbable, fairy-like ending makes pleasanter reading, and we have Johanna not merely happy, but almost in the seventh heaven. Her lover, who has, of course, been in the South African War—the dumping-ground nowadays for half the young lovers whose way is to be made rough—is actually about to enter the very train which is to take Johanna back to Kerry, when he catches sight of her! The stepmother is dead, and the end is peace. Mrs. Croker has written better stories, but it is not possible that anything from her pen should be wholly without charm, and this book is above the average of summer novels.

"Spendthrift Summer" is one of an increasing class of cleverly-written novels which fail in attracting real attention because they bear so little relation to real life. The plot, if slender, is novel and "modern," the writing in its way distinguished, but the characters, one and all, are utterly unreal, unalive, and so the reader does not care what becomes of them. There are four characters in the book: a young wife, Sydney; her husband, Denis; the latter's brother (by far the best-drawn person in the story), Leslie, a young actor, ardently loved and admired by his elder brother, a fact which annoys and irritates Sydney exceedingly; and, lastly, Kelynn, who, in the modern fashion, loves Sydney because she is not so much appreciated by her husband as he thinks she should be. The whole party are gathered together at a watering-place, and there the little tragedy—for so the writer apparently intends it to be, takes place. Unfortunately, Sydney, over whose nature great pains have evidently been taken, is not only unsympathetic, but morbid to a painful degree, a wife's jealousy of a husband's brother being, after all, the last kind of feeling with which the novel-reader can be expected to have any sympathy. Also—and this, perhaps, is a more serious criticism—the book, no doubt unintentionally, is padded out with long, aimless conversations, which show small power of selection in the writer.

A name that happens to be familiar to us, occurring on an early page of "A Frontiersman," gave us the clue that in it we were reading autobiography; and very downright and earnest, if at times rather extravagant, autobiography we found it as we dipped deeper. Otherwise we might have believed the narrative to be fiction; a very natural error, and one so general that the author, Mr. Roger Pocock, has thought fit to controvert it by solemn affidavit. Mr. Pocock was not more than seventeen when he made his first camp on the great Frontier, where a survey-party were engaged on a forest section of the Canadian Pacific. There followed some weeks of hardships at Nipigon and of declining fortunes at Port Arthur before, in the fall of 1884, our adventurer "engaged on" in the Mounted Police. Louis Riel's rebellion broke forth in the spring of the next year, and Constable Pocock, who went North with the forlorn hope of Western Canada to suppress it, won a frozen leg, which after the peace led to his receiving his discharge, a liberal pension, and a berth in the Civil Service. The wound in the leg healed, but its owner had a chronic complaint—a longing for trouble, and with it and the spirits of two-and-twenty he set forth on a fresh lease of adventure. He followed the trail of the journalist in Alaska, of the missionary in British Columbia, of the savage among the Quagutl tribes; sailed in the last of the Yokohama pirates; prospected on the Kootenay and traded in Wallace; rounded up with the Canadian cowboys; was a gold-digger on the Fraser and a sailor on a tramp; led a disastrous expedition to the Klondyke; made a record ride over the Rockies; interviewed Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and ultimately was a scout in the war in South Africa. A remarkable story it certainly is (and remarkably written, as the chapter on "The Trail of the Discouraged" stands to prove), and one that ought to give cause for reflection.

MONTAIGNE.

September, a month fateful to men of genius and in particular to men of letters, saw on its thirteenth day, 1592, the death of Michel de Montaigne, whose curiously attractive personality, reflected in his writings, has endeared him especially to those of his own craft. Montaigne may, indeed, be called the "author's author." Shakspeare studied him; Thackeray adored him, and considered his essays the best of pillow companions. Over Madame de Sévigné he exercised a like influence. "Oh," she exclaimed, "what capital company he is, the dear man; he is my old friend, and just for the reason that he is so, he always seems new! *Mon Dieu*, how full that book is of sense!" The last words are significant. It is not so much his charm of style, his matchless fertility of literary allusion, his odd conceits, and sly humour, as his absolute "level-headedness" that makes him a man to know. Balzac was of this way of thinking, proceeding even to the verge of extravagance in expressing his opinion. "Montaigne," he declared, "had carried human reason as far and as high as it could go, both in politics and morals." With regard to morals, of course, the point of view must be, in this case, that of the philosopher who accepts the world as he finds it. To those thinkers whose dogma led them to be dissatisfied with the scheme of things, Montaigne seemed lacking enough, found him licentious, impious, materialistic and an epicurean. Pascal censured him on these grounds, though he was Montaigne's intellectual debtor. Nevertheless, to the mind that can reach beyond particulars to apprehend the general, Montaigne must appear an admirable moralist, and Balzac is justified of his contention. The essayist's isolated instance, his anecdote of the moment, may in itself be unacceptable to a Pascal; but the main purpose of his writing tends only towards edification. He has the fine tolerance of culture, and his humour saves him where a less gifted man would be merely gross.

That the education of so peculiar a genius should have been peculiar is not surprising. Montaigne's father, a man of position, held democratic notions unusual in the sixteenth century. He chose as sponsors at young Michel's christening persons of humble, even mean, condition, had him nursed in the cottage of a poor villager, and inured him to common fare and a common way of life. Withal, the father introduced a strain of epicureanism into his son's training, and would waken the child in the morning with pleasant music. The happy boy, according to his own account, learnt Latin without having experienced the rod or shed a tear, and he affords another example of that fearful and wonderful precocity in studies which, in the children of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, seems to have been nothing uncommon. Milton was a case in point, and John Evelyn tells of the almost incredible precocity of a little child of his own, who, we are not surprised to hear, died young. There are sceptics, of course, and blasphemers who declare that the standard of accomplishment in these ages was very much lower than our own, and that the Admirable Crichton would have been ploughed in Pass Mods. Many Admirable Crichtons are, even at the present day.

Even before Montaigne began his mother tongue, he was exercised in Greek and Latin by his tutor, a German. At six years of age the poor wight was ready to enter the College of Guienne, at Bordeaux, where George Buchanan was among his masters. Seven years later he had completed the full curriculum and began to study law. At what age, one wonders, would such an extraordinary infant have been licensed to practise his profession? But, unfortunately, the record of Montaigne's life becomes rather hazy at this point, and when we next hear of him he is one-and-twenty and a Councillor in the Parliament of Bordeaux.

It is often the fortune of distinguished persons (including, of course, many popular actors and playwrights) to have been destined for the law, and to have abandoned it to obey the promptings of genius. Montaigne was faithful to the tradition, and it is said that at one period he exchanged the robe and brief for the soldier's cloak and sword. Be this as it may, at thirty-eight he decided to dedicate the rest of his life to study and contemplation. He "commenced author" deliberately, and even put up his sign (though without thoughts of gain), for he fixed on the walls of his château an inscription declaiming to the world his intention. This finger-post of genius has somewhat of a parallel to-day in Scandinavia, where a certain great composer, much sought after by visitors, displays at the entrance to his grounds a board announcing that "— desires to be left alone between the hours of ten and three, as he is then at work."

But Montaigne was not to be left entirely undisturbed in his intellectual kingdom. Ten years after his retirement, while the author was seeking distraction from a painful malady by travel in Italy, the citizens of Bordeaux elected him to be their Mayor. He was very unwilling to accept office, and went so far as to decline the honour; but Henry III. intervened with a request so unmistakably a command that Montaigne had no choice but to take up the duties laid upon him. As Mayor he was conspicuously successful, and played an admirable mediatorial part between the two opposing factions in the province. Moderation, indeed, is the keynote of his counsels, life, and writings, and no man of the later ages has more completely realised the doctrine of the ancients, "Nothing overmuch." Yet there is no indifference, no numbing lack of enthusiasm about the man and his work. He is, with all his temperance, alert and vigorous in every undertaking, full of a rational enjoyment of the present life, and undismayed therein by bodily infirmity. In friendship he was warm even to the pitch of being romantic, as is proved by the record of his attachment to Etienne de la Boetie. And as with lesser men, so with Montaigne, good comradeship would seem to have dimmed somewhat the critical faculty, for his estimate of de la Boetie's poetry is somewhat higher than justice warrants. It is an amiable failing, though one to which Carlyle's latter-day "able editor" must be a stranger.

TWO THOUSAND FATHOMS DEEP: STRANGE FISH FROM THE LOWER DEPTHS OF OCEAN.

DRAWN FROM THE NEW COLLECTION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. *Ceratias Uranoscopus*: North Atlantic: 2400 Fathoms.
2. *Paraliparis*: North Atlantic: 640 Fathoms.
3. *Aphanopus Carbo*: off Madeira and Coast of Portugal.
4. *Saccopharynx Flagellum*: Atlantic: 1000 Fathoms.
5. *Aphyonius Gelatinosus*: between North-East Australia and New Guinea: 1400 Fathoms.

6. *Melacosteus Indicus*: near the Philippine Islands: 500 Fathoms.
7. *Bathypterous Longicauda*: Middle of Southern Pacific: 2550 Fathoms.
8. *Ipnotis Murrayi*: South Atlantic and Indian Ocean: 1600 to 1900 Fathoms.

9. *Chauliodus Sloani*: Mediterranean, Mid-Atlantic, and South of New Guinea: 800 to 2500 Fathoms.
10. *Halino Chirurgus Centriscoides*.
11. *Gastrostomus Bairdi*: 1000 Fathoms.
12. *Dolopichthys Allector*.
13. *Melanocetus Murrayi*: Mid-Atlantic: 1850 Fathoms.
14. *Paraliparis Membranaceus*: Cape St. Vincent: 400 Fathoms.

THE RISING IN MACEDONIA: SCENES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT.

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A PRIEST AND HIS REVOLUTIONARY GUARD: A DANCE OF MACEDONIAN INSURGENTS.



VICTIMS OF OPPRESSION: REFUGEES SINKING EXHAUSTED IN THEIR FLIGHT.

The natural gaiety of the Macedonian peasant is exemplified in the first of these pictures. In the second the semi-barbaric state of the country is curiously revealed by the primitive solid-wheeled cars, which differ little from the vehicles described by Cæsar or from those which the hordes of Arpad used in the conquest of Hungary.

THE RISING IN MACEDONIA: SCENES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

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TO OPPOSE TURKISH RULE: A MACEDONIAN REVOLUTIONARY LEADER
AND HIS BAND.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTHERN MACEDONIA: A SHARPSHOOTER NEAR THE MOUNTAIN
MONASTERY OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

In the second picture appears one of the wonderful rock-built monasteries of Macedonia. To many of them access is possible only by a chair raised and lowered by a rope and pulley.

A DREAM OF THE GHETTO FURTHERED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT: THE PROPOSED NEW ZION COLONY IN THE BEST PART OF UGANDA.



THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE NEW ZION, 8,500 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.
TYPICAL SCENERY AT LAMORO, ONE OF THE HIGHEST ALTITUDES
IN THE NEW ZION.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF THE NEW JUDAEA: PANORAMIC VIEW BETWEEN MORANDAT AND GILGIL.

A SCENE IN THE FOREST.
ONE OF THE STREAMS OF NEW ZION, THE GHILIL RIVER.

A HOSPITAL IN THE NEW ZION.

PANORAMA IN THE HEART OF THE NEW ZION, SHOWING ONE OF THE RAILWAY-STATIONS WHICH WILL SERVE THE JEWISH COLONY.
COLLECTING ORCHIDS IN THE KIKUYU FOREST, FIFTEEN MILES
WITHIN THE EASTERN BORDER OF NEW ZION.

THE BEAUTIFUL KEDONG VALLEY IN THE NEW ZION.

The British Government has offered a tract of two hundred square miles of land in Uganda for colonisation by the Jews. At the recent Zionist Congress at Basel, the Russian delegates assumed a hostile attitude towards the scheme, which is discussed on its merits by Mr. Arnold White on another page.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING OF 1903 AT SOUTHPORT.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



SCENES OF THE ASSOCIATION'S EXCURSIONS AROUND SOUTHPORT.



THE START AT LANGDON BAY, 7 P.M., SEPTEMBER 1.



HOLBEIN ACCOMPANIED BY MR. FAITH, OF THE LONDON OTTER CLUB.



COMPANIONSHIP BY THE WAY.

[FIXING THE MASK WITH COLLODION ON THE SWIMMER.]



THE END OF THE ATTEMPT: HOLBEIN COMING ABOARD. FIT AND WELL, 12.30 P.M., SEPTEMBER 2.

HOLBEIN'S GREAT ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CLARKE AND HYDR PRESS AGENCY.

Mr. Montague Holbein, formerly a great cyclist, and now one of the strongest swimmers alive, all but succeeded in his fourth attempt to swim from Dover to Calais. He came within four miles of the French coast, and was beaten only by the exceptional state of the tide. The swimmer's eyes were protected by a mask fixed to his face with collodion.



MR. ESMOND'S NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION THEATRE: "BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME TRAITS OF AUTUMN.

Very soon we shall enter upon the autumn season. The days already begin to shorten; and the nights to herald the approach of the winter, when fires make home cheerful, and when we bethink ourselves of the necessity for preparing for cold and chill. Yesterday, in the wood, signs of the annual decline of plant-life were apparent. Whether this haste to retire into vital vacancy is a result of a cold and treacherous summer, may be an open question. I do know, however, that the fall of the leaf and the period of winter preparation on the part of the plant-world are features which will be illustrated far earlier in the present year than in most of its predecessors, or, it is to be hoped, will be in most of its successors. This preparation for winter is a serious business in both animal and plant worlds. With many animals, of course, it is a simple matter of extinction. They parallel those insects which are born only to die, like the ephemeral things they are by nature and by name. With other and more persistent types of being, the case is different. They last for periods of years varying from a few seasons to unlimited periods. Who knows the age of the giant Sequoias of California, for example, which raise their lofty crests two or three hundred feet above the soil? Their age is to be measured not by centuries, but by thousands of years. Decay and decline in them is a deferred matter. Their death is so far removed that their birth and begetting are literally forgotten.

The story of the fall of the leaf is an interesting one. It teaches us how Nature prepares for her off-season, in one respect, at least. The vitality of the leaf is lessened. Its sap no longer suffices for its nourishment, and even if the vital fluid were supplied to the leaf, its cells, worn out, are no longer capable of utilising the nourishment afforded. Then comes a time when nutrition fails. It is not demanded, and Nature cuts off the supply. Changes now ensue in the structure of the leaf. We find a layer of corky consistence formed between the leaf-stalk and the branch. Cork is always in plants, a tissue of low vitality; when it is fully formed it represents practically a dead substance. This layer, therefore, serves as the boundary line between that which is living in the plant, and that which is dead or dying in the leaf. Then comes dryness, always fatal to plant-tissues. The corky layer shows a line of demarcation which rapidly becomes more and more distinct, and, finally, the breath of the autumn winds causes the separation to be completed, and the dead leaf falls to the ground.

This much the botanist teaches us of the physiology of the fall of the leaf. It is seen to be a process prepared for at a given season, and provided for by reason of the routine it shows in the course of its details. Animal life also exhibits its own and characteristic changes by way of preparation for the rigours of winter. The plumage of the birds grows heavier, and their downy coat grows thicker. There will be changes in colour illustrated as well, assimilating the plumage for the most part to the winter surroundings. Thus is illustrated that sympathy between the living being and its surroundings which is characteristic of all living nature. Such sympathy is seen in the colour of the grouse and the partridge, in the tint of the sole as it lies on the sand, and in the varying colour-moods of the octopus as it clings to its rock. How this sympathy between animal and surroundings has been brought about is a puzzling matter. I do not know that any zoological theory has yet been formulated which can wholly account for it. Perhaps, on the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest," we might explain it. Those forms which most nearly approached their environment in appearance would survive, while the less favoured would go to the wall. This may be so, but the theory leaves unexplained the real cause whereby an animal should exhibit any likeness to its environment at all. It is always thus: the *premier pas* is the real difficulty in evolution. If we could only understand the initial steps and the causes which bring them into existence, we should be able to solve many other mysteries of life and living besides that of adaptation of colour to the seasons and the surroundings.

The advent of the autumn season, however, presents aspects to us other than those which are devoted to the getting rid of old structures by reason of a process of local death. It is the time when sleep of a physiological kind begins. It continues through the winter, but the "yawning time," as the children term it, is represented by the autumn season. Nature begins then to prepare for the somnolence which is to last through the snow and the frost. This latter phase of things represents the preparatory period for the spring and summer to come. In life's work there has to be a saving up of force and material where definite results have to be forecasted, as in the ordinary affairs of human existence. "Reserve force" is a feature of plant and animal life typically found in winter sleep and somnolence. When the plant has no further care about leaf-production, and when it lies fallow as regards much of its vital work, it is none the less recuperating for the next season of activity. Vital work thus alternates with vital rest; a principle, this, seen in our own heart-movements, in the act of breathing, and practically in every other phase of existence.

It is curious to note how the animal may run parallel with the plant in respect of its variation of activity according to the seasons of the year. Your dormouse, your bat, and your bear retire to winter quarters well fed, plump, and fat. They slumber away the cold weather. Life is slowed down, and its fires are, as it were, banked up. Existence is supported on the store of fat which the summer has accumulated. This store is duly absorbed, and in the spring the animals emerge lean and meagre after their hibernation. Here we find a distinct relation to the ways of plant life. It is a case, this, of saving up in summer, the time of plenty, for the winter, which is the lean season. And means are usually well adjusted to ends in all the affairs of life's children. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

L. REEVE.—You had left out the White Knight at K B 2nd. We are glad you found Sorrento's problem so attractive.

C. DAVIS.—There is no such collection. We are sorry we cannot reply by post.

F. DODD.—Neither problem can be solved as you propose.

H. M. P. (Bristol).—Much obliged; the enclosure, as usual, is most acceptable.

J. HARRIS.—Unfortunately, it is so. Thanks for the tone of your letter.

G. GREEN.—Your problem is very fairly constructed, but it is too easy.

C. BURNETT.—If Black play 1. K to Kt 6th, there would be no mate without the Knight.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3086 received from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of No. 3090 from S. Venkataraman (Madras); of No. 3093 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3094 from J. F. Moon, F. J. Howitt (Bowdon), Frank W. Atkinson (Crowthorne), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3095 from Sorrento, Clement C. Danby, Joseph Cook, Emile Frau (Lyons), and W. M. Eglington (Birmingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3096 received from Charles Burnett, Martin F. E. J. Winter-wood, J. Harris, R. Worters (Canterbury), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Zeus, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), R. Watkinson (Manchester), Shadforth, Reginald Gordon, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Joseph Cook, L. Desanges, F. Henderson (Leeds), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Albert Wolff (Putney), and L. Reeve.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3095.—BY FIDELITAS.

WHITE.

1. B to Q 7th
2. R to B 3rd (ch)
3. B or R mates.

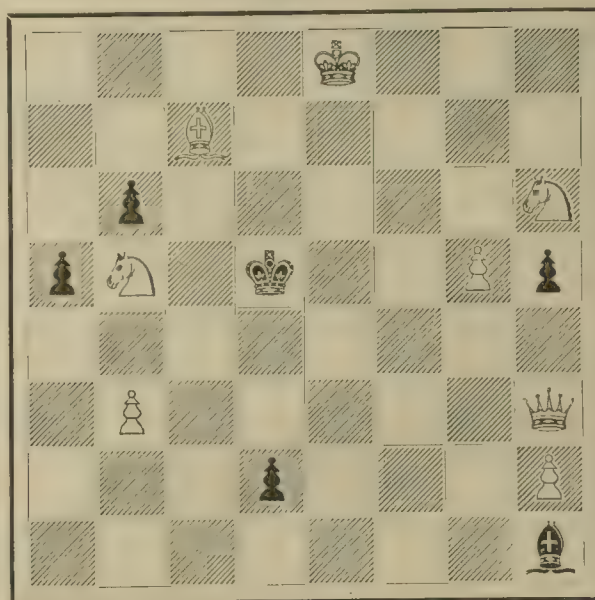
If Black play 1. P to Kt 3rd, 2. R to B 3rd, Kt or B takes P; 3. B or R mates. It is pointed out by a correspondent that if Black play 1. Kt to K 3rd, there is no mate in two more moves.

BLACK.

- K moves
- Any move

PROBLEM No. 3098.—BY BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. Tschigorin and Mises.

(King's Gambit.)

| WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
|------------------|----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 21. Kt to K 6th (ch) | B takes Kt |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 22. B takes B | Q to B 3rd |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 23. Q to K sq | P to R 4th |
| 4. P to K 5th | Kt to R 4th | | |
| 5. Kt to B 3rd | P to Q 4th | | |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P to Kt 4th | | |
| 7. B to Q 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | |
| 8. Castles | P to Kt 5th | | |
| 9. B to Kt 5th | P takes Kt | | |
| 10. Q takes P | Q to R 5th | | |
| 11. Kt takes P | K to Q sq | | |
| 12. Q to B 3rd | | | |

The opening has taken a rather curious form—a delayed Muzio, as it were. But White has now a good attack, with the drawback, however, that his own position is too exposed to allow for any pause or breathing space.

There is much clever play on both sides at this point. If now 15. B takes B, Kt takes Kt P wins.

Another fine stroke. If B takes R, P takes P wins.

16. P takes P
17. B to K 5th
18. B to B 4th
19. R to K 4th
20. Kt to B 4th

Q takes Kt is no use, as the ensuing exchanges will still leave Black his superiority of force.

24. Q to K 2nd
25. B to B 4th
26. Q to Kt 2nd
27. R to K B sq
28. Kt to K sq
29. P to B 3rd
30. Q to K 4th
31. B to K 6th (ch)
32. B to B 5th
33. R to K 2nd
34. B to R 3rd

White resigns. Black has given his opponent no chance since his twenty-third move.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in Inter-State telegraphic match, New South Wales v. Victoria.

(Ruy Lopez.)

| WHITE (Mr. Mackenzie, N.S.W.) | BLACK (Mr. D. R. Hay, Victoria) | WHITE (Mr. Mackenzie, N.S.W.) | BLACK (Mr. D. R. Hay, Victoria) |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 16. Kt (B3) to Q 2nd | Kt takes B |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 17. P takes Kt | |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd | | |
| 4. B to R 4th | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 5. P to Q 3rd | B to K 2nd | | |
| 6. P to Q R 3rd | P to Q 3rd | | |
| 7. B to K 3rd | | | |

The opening is played in the most timid fashion, with the consequence that the attack soon passes to the other side.

8. Q Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to Kt 3rd
10. P to B 3rd
11. P takes P
12. Q to B 2nd
13. P to Q 4th
14. Kt (Q2) to K 4th
15. P takes P

Black has now a won game, and can scarcely miss the road to victory.

17. Castles K R
18. Q takes R
19. Q to R sq
20. Q to R sq

K to R sq was better, in the sense that it would have prolonged the game.

21. R takes Kt
22. R to K B sq
23. Q to K B 2nd
24. R to K sq
25. B to R 2nd
26. R to Q sq
27. R to Q 8th (ch)
Black wins.

THE NEW ZIONIST SCHEME.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

"The dreamers of the Ghetto," in Mr. Zangwill's phrase, have sat patiently at the door of Christendom for more than a thousand years. They have asked for justice and a home, but so far Christendom has turned a deaf ear to their prayer.

From time to time wealthy and well-meaning philanthropists have devoted their thoughts and their money to the solution of the Jewish question. But as the years roll by, the final settlement of humanity with the Ghetto has been postponed to a more convenient season. The late Baron de Hirsch dedicated £10,000,000 sterling to the solution of the Jewish question in the Argentine Republic and elsewhere. His efforts have, unfortunately, turned out to be a complete failure. The annual increase of the Hebrew subjects of the Russian Emperor is at least three times as great as the absorptive capacity of the Hirsch schemes. Nothing was wanting so far as money, brains, and good intentions were concerned; but the scheme failed because the chief sufferers—the Jews in Russia and Roumania—resolutely declined to cross the ocean in order to engage in agricultural pursuits.

During the last month I was in Russia investigating the circumstances connected with the deplorable Kishineff outbreak, and I there had the opportunity of discussing with Russian Ministers and with the Jewish leaders the problem, which is one of overcrowding within the Jewish Pale in Russia.

His Majesty's Government has conceived the idea of granting facilities for a settlement in Uganda. The tract of territory offered by Lord Lansdowne occupies an area of 200 square miles. Owing to its high elevation the climate of this tract of territory is healthy. It lies between the Mau escarpment and Nairobia.

When the plan was placed before the Zionist Congress tremendous enthusiasm was excited among those of the delegates who were not resident in Russia. The Russian delegates, however, as I have already pointed out, are resolutely determined not to compromise the Zionist scheme of a return to Palestine and the establishment of a Jewish State there by giving their sanction to any plan by which the Argentine failure of Baron Hirsch shall be repeated under less favourable conditions. The Russian delegates, accordingly, left the Congress in a body rather than support by their presence a scheme which violates the first principle of Zionism.

The Russian Hebrews, however, are by no means the only section of the Hebrew community who are opposed to the establishment of a Jewish State in Uganda. The wealthy members of the community in England, France, Germany, and the United States are for the most part equally hostile to the political ambitions of Zionism, whether in Palestine, Uganda, or elsewhere.

Nevertheless, the proposals communicated by Lord Lansdowne to the managers of the Basle Congress have materialised sufficiently to warrant expert examination of the prospects of success in the event of an autonomous Jewish colony being established on the proposed site.

Of the 23,000 square miles available for the settlement of European colonists in British East Africa, about 5000 square miles are too remote to be worth consideration. There remain, therefore, about 18,000 square miles available. The British taxpayer has found the money to build the Uganda Railway, which has cost, up to date, about £7,000,000. As the law stands, there is nothing to prevent Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, or Roumanians, irrespective of creed, if they have capital, from acquiring domicile and landed property in British East Africa. The Foreign Office, however, appears to have departed from an attitude of neutrality and has undertaken to assist in the creation of a semi-independent Jewish State or community in British East Africa or Uganda.

As a student of colonisation and of the Jewish question, earnestly and sincerely as I could wish to see the success of the Zionist movement, I regret that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that if a Jewish State were formed in Uganda it is demonstrable that it is foredoomed to failure. The proposed site is in the region of the Equator; it is between three hundred and four hundred miles from the sea. The drawbacks, therefore, can be appreciated most thoroughly by those who, like the writer, have had practical experience in the organisation and government of colonist communities. The first fact which the leaders of the proposed Jewish State will have to consider is the question of access to market. There are few commodities in the present state of international competition which will bear the expense of land transport for 400 miles on a tropical railway. Wheat, vegetables, and timber are not among these commodities. Coffee, rubber, tea, ostrich - feathers, gold, and diamonds would pay for export; but the cultivation of coffee, which is rather a horticultural than an agricultural pursuit, requires large capital, and the hard work is unsuited to European settlers, especially to a race so intellectual and nervous as the Hebrew community of Russia and Roumania. If the cultivation of coffee by the proposed Hebrew community is impracticable because labour in the sun is unsuited to the sedentary town-dwellers, who will form the bulk of the immigrants, what is there that remains? Cereals, of course, might be grown for home consumption by the colonists, but there would be no market for them. It is an established principle of successful colonisation that a colony, to succeed, must have ready access to a market. In Uganda such does not exist.

It is impossible to describe the splendid courage and patience of the sufferers in the Sixteen Provinces of the Pale. They cry: "How long, O Lord, how long?" and, although tortured and suffering, they prefer the continuance of their present misery to recourse to a plan which, though well meant, and on the surface containing many attractive features, they well know is destined to fail. Every Englishman will wish success to the Zionist colony in Uganda, if it is formed; but those who desire the well-being of the Jewish race will prefer that Russia, England, and America should confer for the solution of the Jewish problem on wise, humane, and large international lines.

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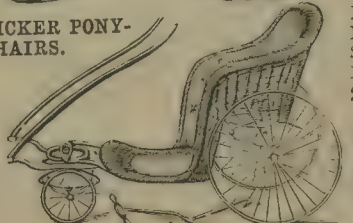
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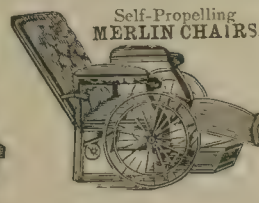
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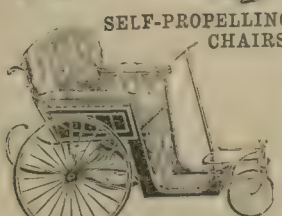
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Stepney is taking a rest and holiday in the Highlands, and has lately been staying at Oransay, Colonsay, Argyllshire.

The Bishop of Southwark, who was much worn out when he started for his holiday, is now completely restored to health, and expects to be in full work by October.

The Canon in Residence at St. Paul's denies the curious report that there is a notice fixed to the Cathedral doors prohibiting smoking. Such a notice, as he points out, would be absolutely uncalled for. Many people will agree with Canon Newbolt that the anxiety on the part of the daily Press with regard to St. Paul's Cathedral during the month of August is not a little amusing. "Last year the building was supposed to be slowly subsiding, and cracked from top to toe. This year there are vivid suggestions of a revived Paul's Walk." Wilful irreverence, he adds, is unknown at the Cathedral, and the irreverence which springs from ignorance, very slight. These August alarms about St. Paul's belong to the same category as the group of resignations of Cabinet Ministers and party leaders which have startled the holiday-making public during the past fortnight.

An important conference on Jewish Missions is to be held at the Church House on Oct. 21 and 22. Among the speakers will be the Bishop of Salisbury and Sir John Kennaway. Sir Andrew Wingate, whose father, the Rev. William Wingate, was an eminent missionary to the Jews, is to preside over one of the sessions. Prebendary Webb-Peploe will preach a special sermon for the conference at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The memorial to the late Dean Howell has been decided upon by an influential committee. The roofless chapel of St. Nicholas, in the Cathedral Church of St. David's, is to be restored, and a David Howell Theological Scholarship will also be established. It is to be open to all Welshmen, and tenable at any University or College.

The Archbishop of York is to dedicate the new tower which has been added to the parish church of Bishop-



Photo. Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

THE NEW MIDLAND RAILWAY HOTEL, MANCHESTER.

thorpe on the 29th of this month. Dr. Maclagan has erected the tower as a thanksgiving on the completion of twenty-five years of his episcopate. The preacher at the service will be Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble College, Oxford.

It is hoped that King Edward may be induced to visit Liverpool for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral in April next. The Cathedral

being of the guests. There are about five hundred telephones in the building and nineteen electric lifts. These last are all of British construction. On the opening evening about two hundred and fifty guests were entertained to dinner, Mr. H. T. Hodgson presiding. The toast of "Success to the Midland Hotel" was proposed by Alderman Sir J. Hoy, and responded to by Mr. Towle, the Company's hotel manager.

committee wish to raise a sum of £200,000 before the foundation-stone is laid.

Very interesting gatherings are expected at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, on Tuesday, Sept. 22, when the Rev. C. Silvester Horne will enter on his ministry. Lord Carrington, Dr. Clifford, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell will be among the speakers. V.

THE NEW MIDLAND HOTEL.

The latest example of the enterprise of the Midland Railway Company is the magnificent hotel just opened at Manchester. The company's architect, Mr. Trubshaw, in his preparations for designing the hotel, inspected every hotel of importance in England and America, and every contrivance or arrangement that could conduce to the comfort or pleasure of visitors was adopted or adapted. The new hotel, which stands near the Central Station, covers two acres of ground. It contains 600 rooms and 100 baths. The entrance from Peter Street leads into a delightful garden, and at the top of the building is the largest roof-garden in the world. The edifice is built of granite and terra-cotta, and the interior decorations are in some part carried out in variegated Grecian marble. For the actual fitting and furnishing of the hotel, the credit is due to Messrs. Waring and Gillow. The Grand Lounge is in the Italian style, and the Grand Coffee-Room is a compromise between the Georgian and the Louis Quatorze styles. The Elizabethan decoration of the Smoking-Room on the ground-floor is also a very remarkable portion of the scheme of decoration. The furnishing throughout is luxurious: everything that modern science



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LADIES' PAGES.

Life is simplified in some respects from the old times, even if, on the whole, it has become more complex and more hurried. The menus of meals that were consumed by our great-grandparents are always startling to us modern housekeepers. Even royal menus are now simple and brief. At the luncheon given by King Edward at the British Embassy in Vienna to the Emperor Francis Joseph the meal consisted simply of boiled trout, lamb cutlets with French beans, roast partridge with spinach, and compôte of pears—a most ordinary little menu, you perceive. His Majesty's dinners are never either long or elaborate. It is a good example to be set in the leading place in Society, and it is one that is very generally followed: numerous courses, involving spending a long time at table, are out of fashion. The elaborate dinners of our ancestors were given much earlier than are those of to-day; in fact, they precluded the notion of any substantial luncheon being eaten also. Early in the last century the dinner-hour was five o'clock. It was at that hour that the famous dinners at Holland House were given, brilliant with the wit of Sydney Smith, the learning of Macaulay, the gaiety of Tom Moore, and the wisdom of Sir James Mackintosh. There was a long evening before the diners then; and they came hungry to the early meal, prepared to sit over it and to do justice to it, because no luncheon, or a very light one, and certainly no afternoon tea, had interfered between breakfast-time and the dinner-hour. Dinner at eight, sometimes even at nine o'clock, must mean an altogether different arrangement of our household plans. Possibly some of the difficulty of getting servants depends on the far later hours to which they must work now that the chief meal of the day is put off to the hour at which our predecessors took only a light supper. When Jane Austen's Emma went to the ball, you remember, old Mrs. Bates kept Emma's father company, and they were to have had a sweet-bread and asparagus; but even this light evening meal seemed too heavy to the valetudinarian Mr. Woodhouse, and he only allowed the disappointed old lady to partake of the baked apples and biscuits which Emma had designed for the second course. This sort of evening repast was much easier work for the domestic staff than cooking and serving even the simplified dinner of to-day's fashion at eight o'clock. However, we are all obliged to follow the social observances of our own day in such matters; and such social customs rarely return "on themselves."

Old fashions in dress return on themselves certainly, but only partially; they are modified to suit changed circumstances; and the same is true of other fashions. If the Elizabethans dined at noon, and the late Georgians



A TROTTEUSE SKIRT.

at five, and we at eight, the degree to which the improvement in artificial light has turned our night into day is largely responsible, and that change in conditions ensures that we shall never return to precisely the old habits. The same is true of dress. We are reviving nowadays many of the fashions of three-quarters of a century ago, but we "wear our rue with a difference." We are pocketless, and we carry reticules, like the women of Maria Edgeworth's stories; but we do not further imitate them by wearing in the daytime short muslin frocks with low necks and puffed sleeves, and walking in muddy country roads in thin-soled, cross-strapped shoes. Any ancient fashions that adapt themselves to our modern habits, on the other hand, we gladly adopt. The long-discarded cameo brooches of our ancestresses are one of the revivals of the moment. They are used especially as fastenings to waistbelts. Smaller ones, such as many women have put by in the guise of bracelets that belonged to their great-grandmothers, come in for use as buttons; and particularly fine specimens are worn hanging on short neck-chains in the evening, and dependent below the waist from the long chains that finish the day toilette. Drooping shoulders are another revived fashion, coming to us from the early Victorian era. Obviously we do not change the slope of our shoulders at will, but the effect is easily produced by the dressmaker, who has just to cut her shoulder-seams very long, so as to put in the sleeves well below the turn of the top of the arm. The drooping effect is accentuated by the cape-collars of lace on gowns of soft fabric, or of the material in the firmer stuffs of autumn; and behold us "Early Victorian" of outline without more ado.

Another of the sporadic attempts to meet the scarcity-of-servants difficulty is on the tapis. Lady Alice Houlston is president of a new club for ladies in connection with which there is to be a training school for "lady servants." The members of the club are to be the "vile body" on which the crucial experiment is to be tried; they are to be served by the successive relays of pupil housemaids, parlourmaids, and cooks. A fixed staff is to oversee matters, and at the same time to teach the novices. House "ladies" will be supposed to learn their business in three months, but cook "ladies" will be required to study for six months. The promoters of the idea fondly hope that they will be able to "prove that capable and intelligent work commands respect and courtesy wherever it is found," and that "prejudice and lack of training alone have prevented domestic work from becoming a popular method" by which ladies can earn their living. For my part I have no faith in any such attempts to replace the working-girls who will not take up domestic labour by others of a more educated and refined class. My remedy for the present domestic difficulty is, on the contrary, to open the door to respectable domestic service for girls of the poorest class by providing for them the necessary help to start in it; both

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technical schools, where they can have some months' training in the ways and duties of the domestics of a nice home, and also a loan fund to supply such very poor girls with an outfit-wardrobe sufficient and suitable for them to have to be able to enter on respectable service.

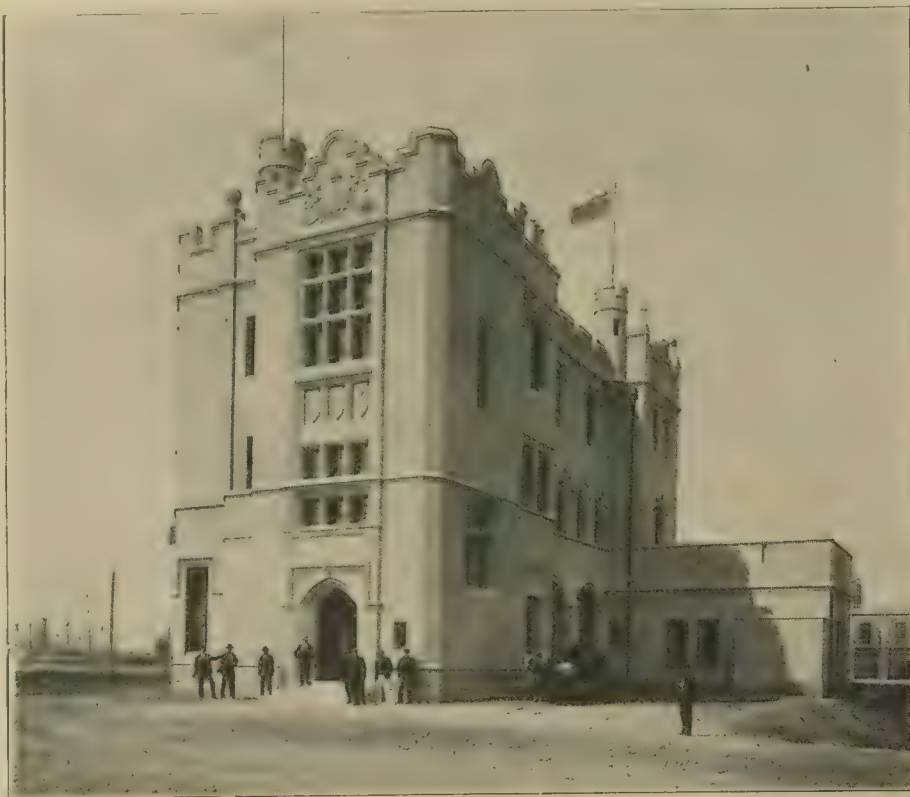
Equally unpractical seems the movement in favour of having trained nurses as stewardesses on board ship. The argument that on a large vessel there is almost certain to be some invalid in the course of a voyage is not very impressive. The needs of the possible invalid in trained nursing are far less important than the comfort of the immense majority who are not ill, but only seasick. One wants the stewardess to take the place of a maid, to help one to dress and attend to personal wants. The present race of stewardesses are, as a rule, a nice, helpful set of women, ready to do all they can to wait on their ladies; and I for one hope that trained nurses will not be substituted for them till I have made my last voyage.

Trotteuse skirts are well represented in the new autumn dress models. Even those skirts which are not actually off the ground are shorter than last winter's dresses were. The "three-tier" skirt is in favour. Here is a pretty model; it is in grey vigogne, the top flounce fitting closely round the hips, and but slightly fuller at the edge, which comes about midway between the waist and knee, the second flounce to about eight inches under the knee, and the third passing into a short train with plenty of fullness round the lower part of it. Each of these flounces is bordered with a narrow line of squirrel fur, or *petit gris*, the tone of this grey being some shades lighter than that of the cloth. There is a high waistband of iron-grey velvet, overhung by a little bolero of the cloth, which has three small tucks to decorate its lower edge, headed by a narrow band of *petit gris*. The sleeve-top fits closely to the arm, but about midway between shoulder and elbow a full pleated sleeve is set on under a band of fur; this is bell-shaped, hanging well below the elbow above a tight-fitting cuff of grey velvet with a finish of fur round the wrists. Another model, with a "three-decker" skirt, is in red cloth; each flounce is edged with a Russian passementerie. The bodice blouses over a deep black velvet belt, and is finished with a pelerine collar and stole-ends of the material, which is edged all round

with dark fur, and which has two bands of the passementerie in the Russian bright colours and conventional design down the front. A bottle-green woollen material with knots of a darker green scattered over its surface is shown as a short skirt; it is laid in large pleats, held down to the knee by a series of wheel-like flat rosettes of silk braid in gold and green, graduated in circumference, on each pleat; below the knee it falls open

well below the waist; it is trimmed with small wheels, and a happy touch of turquoise blue is introduced by edging the pelerine and its stole-ends all round with a cording of blue velvet, the same touch appearing above the cuffs, which are flat, trimmed with wheels, and have the fullness of the sleeve set into them.

A very elegant visiting-dress in dark brown camel's-hair cloth has the skirt cut plain to below the knee; round the front under the knee it is cut up into V shapes, in each of which is inserted a piece of white cloth embroidered all over in raised gold cordings—the French call it "soutaché d'or"—the openings edged with gold galon, and then apparently held together at the top of each V with a large black velvet button. The coatee is cut off at the waist like an Eton jacket; behind, it has postilion-tails, which give a glimpse of an inserted piece of white gold, embroidered; a deep collar over the shoulders is of the "soutaché" white cloth; and the coat is held on the chest above the slightly seen and very narrow fitting vest of the white and gold by two big black velvet buttons. I hope this reads as pretty and novel as it looked. A blue serge dress was made very plainly, the bodice a three-quarter-length coat buttoned down the front. It had no revers, and no high collar, but was cut plainly low at the top, and bound with blue galon, in order to allow for the distinguishing feature—the deep collar of plain stiff linen, almost as deep as a cape; in fact, like the collars of the Puritan soldiers in the civil wars of the seventeenth century. Three collars were sent with the model—one plain white linen, one embroidered with red thread, and one edged with a linen galon of Roumanian work. The skirt was short and plainly kilted, with three small buttons at the end of each kilt for sole ornament. These wide stiff collars on a severely simple gown have a great air of distinction, and will be fashionable in Paris this autumn.



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freely, the skirt being intended to clear the ground well in wear. The bodice blouses over a green taffetas belt; it has two large pleats down the back, the edges facing, and held together by wheels of gold and green cord, to match the skirt. There is a shoulder-cape, and this at the front has a flat stole-like appearance, and falls

A *trotteuse* skirt, as seen at the seaside, forms this week's fashion illustration; the material was white flannel, and the trimming of strappings of checked flannel cut diagonally, with tassels at the end of the straps. The flat hat is adorned with a cluster of roses; a little black bow adorns the throat. It is in these minute details of the finish of a costume that really good dresses are recognised. FILOMENA.

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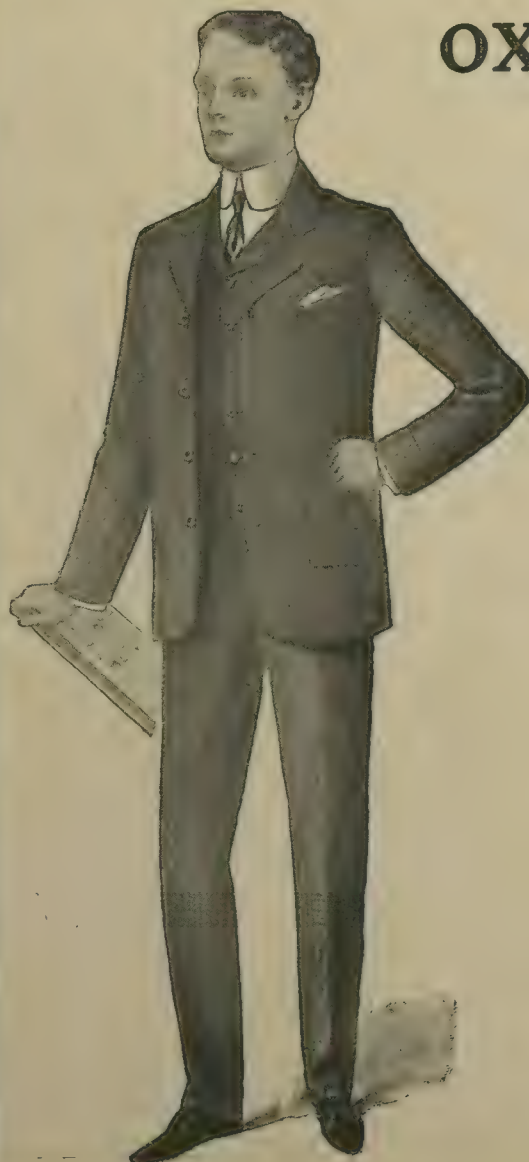
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ART NOTES.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A. (who is, besides, a member of the Victorian Order and a D.C.L.), has settled in Bruges, and in that ancient city he is organising on an almost colossal scale a school of art for the benefit of his young fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. He has taken over the premises of a disused mill, premises big enough for a barracks. Accommodation exists within its far-extending walls for three hundred students to board and lodge and be taught; and besides the studios in which teaching is carried on there are smaller studios to let out for private occupation. The Herkomer School is, of course, well established on our own soil; but never till now has any experiment of the kind been made abroad by a British Academician, and never, either at home or abroad, has any experiment been attempted on a scale so large as that to which Mr. Gilbert, full of fine artistic enthusiasm, has set his eager and capable hand.

Within sound of the Belfry of Bruges the British colony of artists and craftsmen even now begins to gather. No trumpets have been blown; but the canals of Bruges are already traversed by barges heavily freighted with the plaster and the marble that are to reappear later in England from the master hand. For Leicester there is to be wrought on Belgian soil a great memorial of the fallen in South Africa; and in Bruges, too, will be applied the finishing touches to the bust of Queen Alexandra, for which her Majesty gave Mr. Gilbert daily sittings for a fortnight, at a time when the work was in

its earlier stages, at Windsor and at Sandringham. That the most national of designs should be executed, at any rate in part, under foreign skies may seem to add yet another to the many incongruities by which our arts and our manufactures are beset; but in this case, as in others, the argument in favour of exile seems overwhelming. For Mr. Gilbert is to do all his work in presence of his pupils; and pupilage in Bruges can be conducted under conditions of economy that are not attainable at home. Moreover, if any city abroad is to receive the English art-student, Bruges offers quite exceptional opportunities for comers and goers, and for the transit of materials. These same canals—one of which washes the walls of a portion of the art school—will bear away the finished work of the studio to England and to Italy. The city, too, besides offering its own attractions of mediæval buildings and of Flemish masters, affords a convenient point of departure for those short art-pilgrimages that are ever delightful to the student.

Not only sculpture, but all branches of art are to be taught under Mr Gilbert's supervision. The school will be divided into three sections. An elementary school will offer instruction in the rudiments of drawing, modelling, anatomy, still-life painting, perspective, and plaster-moulding. The middle school will add facilities for drawing and modelling from life, for daily exercises in composition, for etching, engraving, embossing, chasing, and the making and tempering of tools and practice in their use. The advanced school will

encourage the students to carry out either individually or in collaboration some specific design. Mr. Gilbert will be responsible entirely and absolutely for the direction of all three schools, and though at first assistant-masters may be a necessity, he hopes that the institution itself will shortly furnish from among the finishing students the best and least-mannered masters for bringing on pupils less competent than themselves. In the same way he hopes that, after the fashion of a naval mess, the students will themselves learn to manage their own table, appointing a president and a caterer from among their own ranks. Suitable premises have been set aside for the purposes of a club, so that the students may be encouraged in all the mutual charities and manners of a community life. A musical society is to yield amusement in the evenings, and all students are invited by Mr. Gilbert to bring the instruments of their choice.

Such, in brief, is the first announcement of an undertaking which promises to effect a revolution in the environment, and possibly in the methods, of a vast number of the future art-students of this country. One sentence should be added to set at rest the fears to which these tidings might easily give rise among the young "artists in marble" at Burlington House. Mr. Gilbert has every hope that his new and great undertaking will leave him free to come at stated times to London in order to continue the lectures delivered in connection with his Professorship of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Arts.

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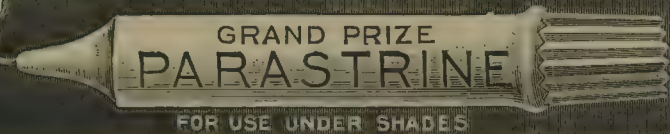
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1902) of Mr. Robert Bell, of Abercorn, King's Road, Richmond, and Radley House, Winchester, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Sept. 1 by Miss Alice Helen Gardner Bell, the daughter, Frederick Carus Geneste Butler, and Henry Welch Thornton, the executors, the value of the estate being £318,512. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Helen Bell, £1500, the household furniture, the use of Radley House, and an annuity of £2500, to be raised to £2800 in the happening of certain events; to the London Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, the Hants County Hospital, the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, and the Royal Blind Pension Society, £180 each; to his executors £1000 each; to his seven daughters £500 each; to his grandsons Robert Leonard and John Lawrence Bowen £1000; to his son-in-law Edward Charles Percival Sanford £500; to George William Wickham £200; and legacies to servants. The silver presented to his late father by Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Kent he bequeaths to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter Alice Helen Gardner Bell. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughters Alice Helen Gardner Bell, Evelyn Thornton Bell, Ada Constance Tilden, Florence Frances Bowen,

Nelly Dora Sanford, Maude Auberon Orchard, and Ida Cecil Bull.

The will (dated July 11, 1902) of Mr. Charles Fortescue Thursby Greenwood, of 32, Russell Square, W., who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Aug. 27 by Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Greenwood, the widow, and Charles Francis Hill Greenwood and Frank Thomas Greenwood, the sons, the value of the estate being £64,794. The testator bequeaths certain silver to his son Charles Francis; the remainder of his plate, the household furniture, and £1000 to his wife; £2000 each to his children; and £200 to Mrs. Louisa Spokes. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife during her widowhood, or of one third thereof should she again marry, and subject thereto in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated June 20, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 10, 1901), of Mr. Charles Dupin Drayson, of 18, Prince Edward's Mansions, Bayswater, and formerly of Courtlands, Norton Fitzwarren, Somerset, who died on July 30, was proved on Aug. 27 by Alfred William Drayson and Edward Henry Bartlett, two of the executors, the value of the property being £46,560. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his executors, and leaves the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Seale Drayson.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1900), with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1902), of Mr. Frederick William Bunt, of Fernleigh, St. John's Road, Bexhill, and London Street, Ratcliffe, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 29 by Frederick Prince Bunt and Henry Durrell, the executors, the value of the property amounting to £39,119. The testator bequeaths £500 and the household and domestic effects to his wife, Mrs. Annie Bunt; £500 to Frederick Prince Bunt; £400 to his mother, Mrs. Emma Bunt; £300 to his sister Rose Charlotte; and £100 each to his brothers and sisters Thomas Richard, Henry Hasseltine, Annie Emma, Kate Julia, and Frances Louise. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated April 17, 1894), with two codicils (dated Nov. 27, 1901, and April 30, 1902), of Mrs. Eliza Jane Collingwood Wilson, of Scarborough, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Aug. 29 by James Albert Blackwood and Arthur Ritson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £36,641. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the Northern Counties Society for Granting Annuities to Governesses and other Ladies in Reduced Circumstances; £2000 to the Sunderland Infirmary; £1500 to the Scarborough Hospital and Dispensary; £1200 to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and



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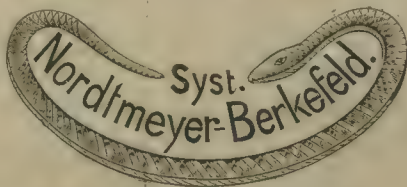
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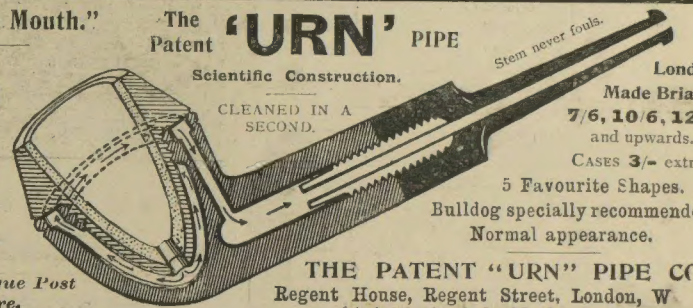
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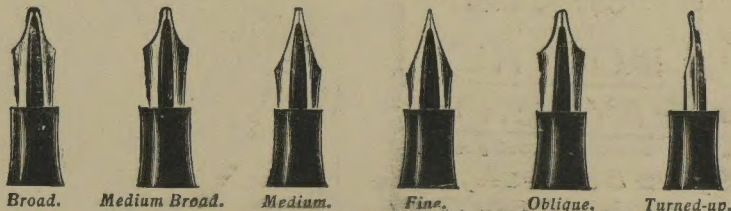
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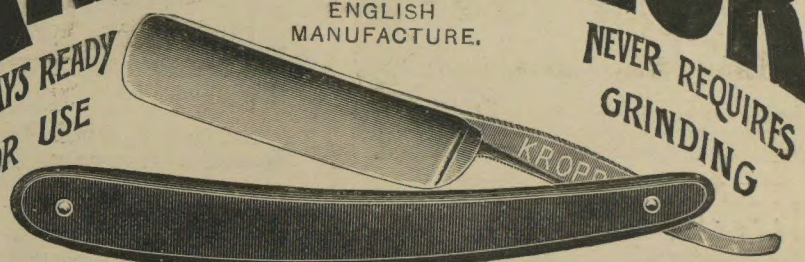
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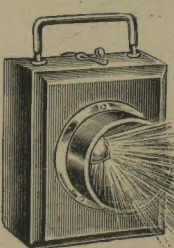
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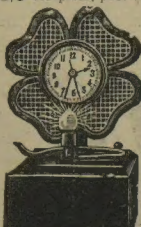


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the East; £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Sunderland and North Durham Eye Institution, the Heatherdene Convalescent Home, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the National Life-boat Institution; £650 to the Mission to Seamen Society; £450 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £400 to the Monkwearmouth and Southwick Dispensary; £200 each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Church of England Central Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, the Sunderland District Nursing Institution, and the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society; and £300 each to the Home of Rest for Horses (Buckingham Palace Road) and the York Diocesan Clergy Seaside House. She also gives £24,000 to be divided into seven shares, one each for Mary Olivia Collingwood, Caroline Stuart Wortley Taylor, James Robert Collingwood, James Wilkie Collingwood Barrett, and Amelia Thompson Collingwood, one between Stuart and Bertram Collingwood, and one to the children of Laura Taylor; and other legacies to friends and servants. The residue of her property she leaves between the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East,

the British and Foreign Bible Society, and James Albert Blackwood.

The will (dated May 27, 1902) of Mrs. Anna Holt, of Culverlands, Oakleigh Park, Middlesex, and Stubbylee, Bacup, who died on May 15, has been proved by James Maden Holt, the husband, and the Rev. William Johnson, the value of the property amounting to £23,372. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Maggie Savage; £500 to Hannah Savage; £100 to the Rev. William Johnson; an annuity of £90 to her nephew, Harry Murray Hargreaves; and £100 to her maid, Emma Richmond. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

It is usually supposed that San Marino is the smallest State in Europe, but until the other day there was a still smaller one called Moiresnet, a tiny territory between Belgium and Prussia, near Aix-la-Chapelle. It became an independent State in 1815; but it has just been suppressed, and is now annexed to Belgium, while Prussia receives a money indemnity. It came to its end through gaming, for the suppression was hastened by the establishment of a gambling casino.

The furnishings which render the scenes of the new piece at the Criterion so picturesque and attractive were supplied by Messrs. Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road.

We have received an interesting series of pictorial postcards bearing views representing the well-known slate quarries of Angers, owned by Messrs. G. Larivière and Co. These quarries have been worked continuously since the twelfth century. Over three thousand hands are employed. The cards are enclosed in an ingenious cover resembling a daintily bound book.

Intending visitors to Berlin and the interesting old towns of Brunswick, Hanover, Hildesheim, and the picturesque Harz Mountains, should study the excellent little brochure entitled "Holidays in North Germany and the Harz Mountains," which may be obtained of the editor, Mr. Percy Lindlay, 30, Fleet Street, E.C. Berlin can now be reached, via the Hook of Holland, the evening after the traveller has left London, and other North German towns the same afternoon. Tourists leaving the North of England and the Midlands in the afternoon can now avail themselves of the same through connections to North Germany.

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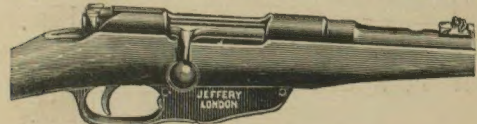
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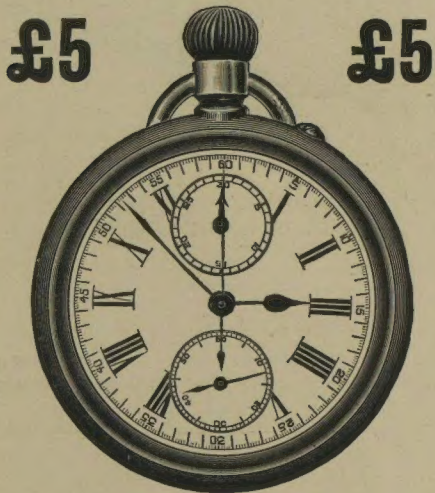
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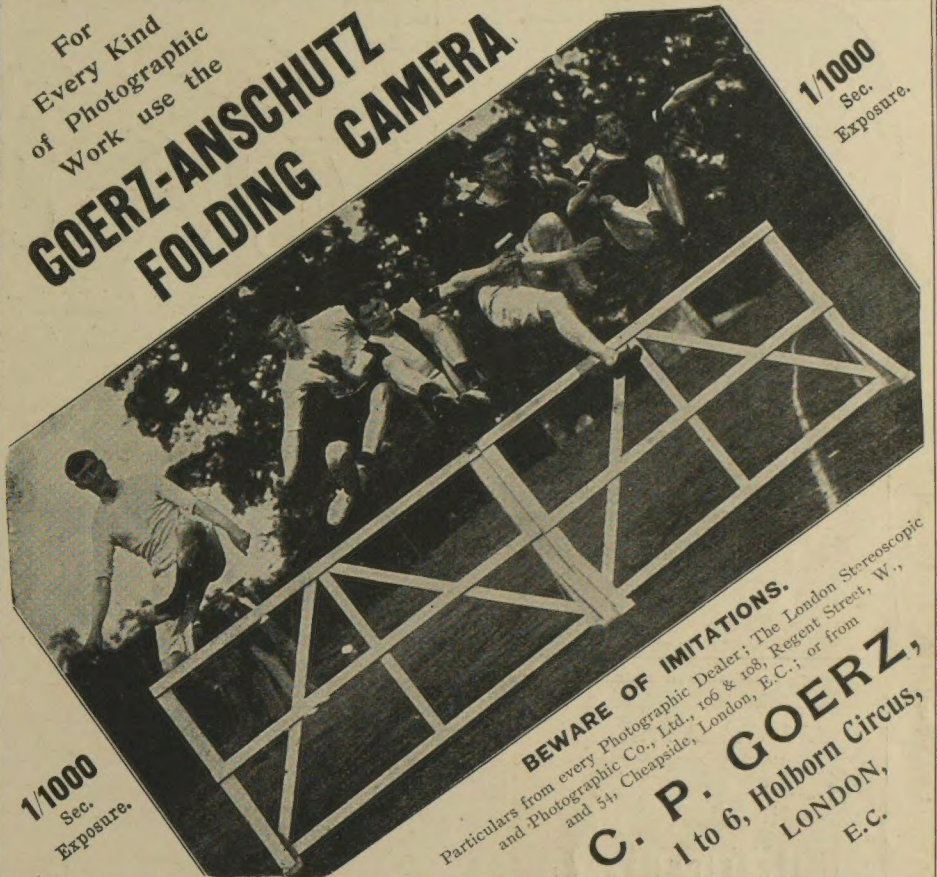
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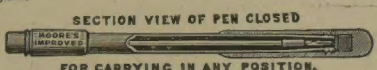
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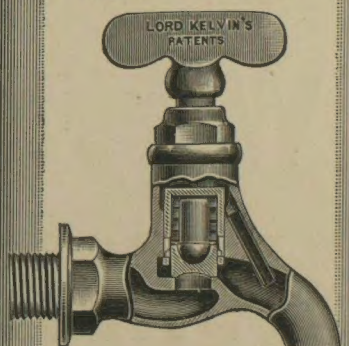
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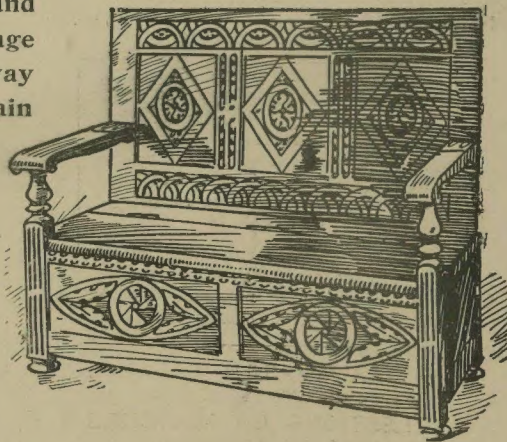
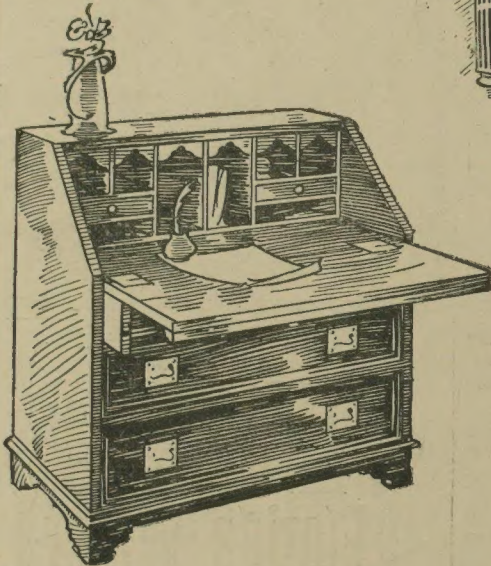
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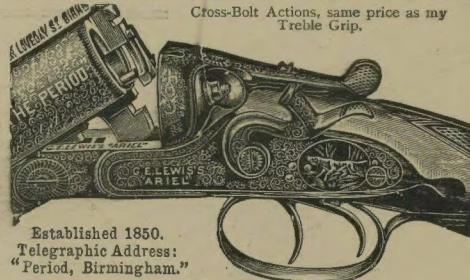
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